The Outlook

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From an Indian Bungalow

Among the lighter, more entertaining and more picturesque articles to be published before long in The Outlook will be a series of familiar letters written by a woman and entitled "Letters from an Indian Bungalow." The name signed to these letters is Agatha Dare, but for the present the actual authorship will not be stated. It may be said, however, that the writer has spent much time in India and writes with humor, and with unusually full knowledge also, of the domestic and social life of that fascinating country. In a way, these articles do for India somewhat what the two readable papers about Japan signed "Observer" did for that country and what the two articles signed "Kew" did about San Francisco—that is, they will give The Outlook's readers a personal and intimate picture of life in India as it appears to an American woman.

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THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT OF IVORY SOAP

is the soap itself. The second-best advertisement is the factory, or rather the factories, in which it is made.

The parent-factory is located at Ivorydale, a suburb of Cincinnati. There are about forty buildings altogether and they occupy the greater part of a tract of land, 85 acres in extent.

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The Outlook

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John Hay's Policy Triumphant

The year 1900 was a critical one for China. Not only was it the year of the Boxer rebellion, the last organized attempt of the people, abetted by the Imperial Government, to drive foreigners out of China; it was also the year which marked the greatest signal service ever rendered to China by a foreign government, and, in particular, by a foreigner, the American Secretary of State, John Hay. The Boxer rebellion of 1900 left China prostrate before designing foes, ready to partition the Empire geographically, to dismember it politically, to impose upon it drastic commercial and financial tribute. At the time when the Imperial Government was in hiding, when, indeed, it was supposed to be practically non-existent, Mr. Hay, alone of Foreign Secretaries, persisted in treating it as if it did exist and were still worthy of respect. All in it worthy of respect ultimately responded to this high-minded and far seeing course. The result was that Mr. Hay saved the Empire's geographical, political, and commercial integrity. He did more, he preserved the Chinese Government from the imposition upon it of a rapacious indemnity for alleged losses by the Powers during the rebellion and in payment for their services in ending it. It is true that the indemnity finally imposed was far too large, the amount awarded to the United States under the joint treaty being about twenty-five million dollars. As to this, however, Mr. Hay explained to the Chinese Government that, while it was then impossible to make an accurate estimate of damages and claims and of the expense to which the Government had been put in sending a fleet and troops to China, only such part of the American portion of the indemnity as was needed to pay all fair claims would be retained. The Government has now adjudicated all the claims presented and has paid them in full, the missionaries having been the chief sufferers. President Roosevelt has earnestly recommended action by Congress in authorizing him to consent to the reduction of the bond. Agreeably with this, last week the Senate *unanimously* adopted a joint resolution providing for the remission of half of China's debt to the United States. China has already paid to our Government about six million dollars. It is thus proposed to collect nearly six millions more, and to remit the payment of the remainder, as half of the whole sum covers all the injury done to the American Government and people by the Boxer uprising. The resolution was introduced by Senator Lodge, who declared that "technically and legally we are entitled to every dollar of the bond, but on the broader principle of justice, rising above the technical right, I think that this is an act which becomes the United States to perform, and in the generous way proposed by the joint resolution." The words are just. This country should decline to benefit by the helplessness of an involuntary debtor. The other Powers, however, apparently still hold to their conviction that they have a moral as well as a legal right to exact from China punitive as well as actual damages.

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The Aldrich Bill

The original draft of the Aldrich Bill, as reported in these columns last week, provided for an emergency currency to be based on approved savings banks securities to the amount of $250,000,000. The bill is likely to be amended so as to increase this amount to $500,000,000. The main principles of the bill have met with the approval of both banking experts and the country at large. As we

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reported last week, the chief criticism of the bill appears to be made on the ground that it will favor the rich banks and the owners of stocks and bonds. It is our judgment, already expressed, that the provisions proposed by Senator Aldrich remove, as far as legislation can remove them, the temptations to and opportunities for favoritism in executing the law. What banks shall be permitted to borrow, the amount they may borrow, and the collateral securities they may offer in exchange for the loans are questions largely left to the discretion of a committee of three, consisting of the United States Comptroller, the United States Treasurer, and the Secretary of the Treasury. These officers of the Government have always been and are always likely to be of a character which ought to remove them from suspicion on the part of reasonable men. Moreover, they come from three different sections of the country, and are therefore likely to be in a position to judge of the needs of various sections and of the character of credits in those sections. There is, however, some force in the criticism that merchants, manufacturers, and farmers conducting a going business and possessing solid ability to pay their regularly incurred indebtedness are not usually in possession of stocks and bonds which they can employ as collateral. Mr. Lyman J. Gage, who, as our readers know, was Secretary of the Treasury under President McKinley and is one of the eminent bankers of the country, both in point of view of practical experience and professional knowledge, has proposed a plan which would fully meet, it appears to us, the objection that is made to the limitations of savings bank collateral. Mr. Gage proposes that loans of special Government notes as provided in the Aldrich Bill shall be made to banks throughout the country, which for the purposes of these loans shall be divided into Clearing-House districts; that the repayment to the Government of these loans shall be guaranteed by the Clearing-House Association to which the borrowing banks belong; and that the collateral given to the Government shall be preferably good commercial paper, although a bank may pledge fifty per cent of its loan, but not more, by approved stocks and bonds. The commercial paper collaterals, as well as the stocks and bonds pledged, are to be "approved as a sufficient and good security by a properly constituted committee of the Clearing-House Association with which the borrowing bank must be associated." It is to be hoped that Senator Aldrich and his colleagues will consider this practical suggestion of Mr. Gage, which appears to us to enlarge with perfect safety the scope of Senator Aldrich's measure, and to apply the emergency currency more surely and more quickly to the actual commercial transactions of the country wherever it is most needed. The main thing, as The Outlook pointed out four weeks ago, is to devise a plan, and devise it quickly, by which, in a currency stringency, perfectly good and unquestioned credit obligations, such as bonds or personal and co-partnership notes of indebtedness based upon actual material wealth, like cattle, manufactured goods, and food products, may be translated temporarily but instantly into money tokens of convenient size, of absolute trustworthiness, and of universal circulation.

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The Future of Cuba

In transmitting to Congress the report of Governor Magoon on the present condition of Cuba, Secretary Taft recommends that the re-installation of independence in Cuba be fixed at about March or April, 1909. It is essential, he says, that the census now being taken should be completed before any elections are held. This would put the local or municipal elections at about June of this year, and make it impossible to hold a Presidential election for Cuba before December. President Roosevelt, however, who naturally desires that the promise made to Cuba by his Administration shall be carried out completely before the end of that Administration, has directed that the formal turning over of the island to the President and Congress of Cuba which shall be elected next December shall take place not later than February 1, 1909. Governor Magoon, Secretary

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Taft, and President Roosevelt all rightly take it for granted that there is no dissent in this country to their intention to see that the pledges made by Secretary Taft to Cuba when the United States for a second time assumed authority there shall be scrupulously regarded and their fulfillment fixed for the earliest possible time. On this point Secretary Taft may be quoted. He says: "There are important interests that would be glad to delay our stay there for years, but good faith and good policy both, in my judgment, require us to leave at the time appointed." Governor Magoon's report is encouraging in regard to the improving conditions in Cuba the past year. This is true not only of foreign and domestic commerce but of manufactures, of customs receipts, and of the finances; while legislation dealing with judicial reorganization, the electoral law, the civil service law, and other vital matters of government, has been framed by an advisory commission and will undoubtedly be adopted. There is no doubt that much of the improvement in Cuba is due to Governor Magoon's tactful, firm administration, as is forcibly pointed out in Secretary Taft's comment on the Governor's report. In its new effort to stand among nations as an independent Republic, Cuba will have the support and good wishes of the United States.

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Race-Track Gambling

Bills have been introduced in the New York Legislature to embody in law a plain provision of the State Constitution. At present the status of public gambling at race-tracks is different from exactly the same kind of gambling elsewhere in the State. If a man conducts a public establishment in New York City for betting upon horse-races, he makes himself liable to punishment by the State; if, however, he conducts a betting business at the track itself, he is liable only to a suit at law from a losing bettor. In other words, the State Constitution, which directs the Legislature to prevent gambling of every kind, rests with varying weight upon different portions of the State. As The Outlook has reported, Governor Hughes in his message recommended, to use his own words, "that the Legislature carry out the clear direction of the people without discrimination." He furthermore recommended that the punishment for violation be made imprisonment without the alternative of fines. Against this proposal the racing interests of the State are, of course, arrayed. In partnership with them they unfortunately have those agricultural societies which derive a considerable part of their support from taxes on trotting and running race meetings. It is regrettable that organizations which unquestionably promote the social and economic welfare of a large part of a State should thus be allied with interests which in character are, to say the least, questionable. Whatever one's views may be with regard to the ethics of betting, there can be no difference of opinion among people of elementary moral instincts on two points: first, that what goes on in a public gaming establishment is of vital concern to the citizens of the State in the sense in which that which goes on in a private house does not concern them; therefore, the prohibition of public betting and gambling cannot be construed as an attempt to control by law individual habits; second, that evasion of a plain provision of the Constitution promotes a disregard of law, if not a contempt for the dignity of all legislation. The experience of New Jersey in dealing with race-track gambling is worthy of consideration. For years race-track followers in that State exercised great influence over the Legislature. With them were allied the railways, for the reason, in part, that the railways found profit in carrying the crowds to the tracks. The two bosses of the State were both race-track men. Behind them were wealthy backers. One county was practically supported by the race-track interests. The real defense of the gambling at the race-tracks was, not that it helped to promote the breeding of good horses, although in New Jersey, as in New York, that was the avowed defense, but that the gambling was essential to a business which was enormously lucrative. By some means an anti-gambling law was enacted. The effect was that in New Jersey all public betting

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was made illegal. The race-tracks, except those in connection with fairs, were abandoned. It may well be more than a coincidence that the political renovation of New Jersey began at that time. It is undeniable that, at any rate, the anti-gambling law broke up one of the cohesive forces for corruption. The financial reasons for the maintenance of betting at the race-tracks are very strong in New York. According to the reports of the various racing associations made from time to time by the State Racing Commission, the gross receipts of the tracks throughout the State during 1906 were over $4,000,000; and it is estimated that they were one-fourth larger last year. This fact indicates how vigorous an opposition to the law may be expected. Altogether apart, then, from the consideration of questions involving personal morals, are the three considerations which should lead all decent people in the State to support these reform measures in the Legislature: the recognized evil of public gambling, the patent harm wrought by open evasion of the highest law of the State, and the menace involved in the political activity of a huge financial interest.

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Money and Life

Two recent fires again announce in a dramatic form the fact that the American people are less regardful of life and are more regardful of money than they should be. In one case a cheaply built "opera-house" in Boyertown, Pennsylvania, insufficiently supplied with exits, was burned, with the resulting destruction of over a hundred and fifty lives, mainly those of women and children; in the other case a twelve-story office building in New York was burned, with the resultant death of two firemen and one fire patrolman, and the injury of some twenty-five. The loss of life in Boyertown was occasioned in part by cowardice and panic; the loss of life in New York was brought about in spite of bravery and even heroism. According to the Acting Chief of the New York Fire Department, the loss of the three brave men was attributable chiefly to two causes—insufficient water pressure and rotten hose. The fire started on the fifth floor. It could easily have been controlled if the firemen could have reached it immediately with water, but the pressure was not sufficient to raise the water-towers; and when the hose was finally brought into use it kept bursting. In the meantime the fire crept up to the upper stories, and a heavy safe or press crashing downward caused a floor to collapse and to drag the men to their death. Whether the defect in the hose was due to fraudulent manufacture or simply to age has not yet been determined. Much of the hose that was used was the so-called reserve hose, which is older than the rest and more subject to breaks. It is believed, however, that the bursting of the hose is not altogether due to age. The Mayor of the city has instructed his Commissioners of Accounts to make an investigation. Those who remember that at the time of the burning of the steamer General Slocum life-preservers were found containing bits of iron that they might be brought up to the required weight will not be disposed to be credulous in this case regarding the soundness of the new hose. Manufacturers who supply a fire department with defective appliances are gambling with human lives as stakes. The New York Fire Department has for years been a source of pride to the city. Few men are as brave, we doubt whether there is any body of men as brave, as the firemen of New York. To expose such men to needless danger and therefore to needless death for the sake of money is to make barter of blood. All over the country there are flimsy public halls and there are fire companies with defective hose. So long as the American people are willing that men should save money by building fire-traps and manufacturing danger appliances under the name of safety appliances, they are morally responsible for a share in the ensuing slaughter of men, women, and children.

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The Conviction of Mayor Schmitz Reversed

The reports telegraphed to the East some two weeks ago about the decision of the District Court of Appeals in San Francisco

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reversing the conviction of ex-Mayor Eugene Schmitz were so worded as to create an erroneous impression. It is not true, as reported, that the court held that so long as the money paid Ruef by the corrupt so-called French restaurant was given and taken under the guise of an attorney's counsel fee, the State had no right to inquire whether any legal service was rendered in return for this fee, or what was the nature of the compensation received by the French restaurant, or what Ruef did with the money. It was admitted by Ruef on the stand that some part of the money thus received in the case at issue had been given by him to Mayor Schmitz, and it was because the jury believed that Schmitz, in return for this money, saw that the illicit business of the restaurant was not interfered with that Schmitz's conviction was obtained. We have now the text of the court's decision, and, regrettable as it is that the conviction of an undoubtedly corrupt city official, procured after arduous and persistent effort, should be annulled, still it is to be recorded that no such intolerable dictum came from the court as that above outlined. In point of fact, the points ruled upon in the decision are almost purely technical. Thus, certain testimony was ruled out because it was about conversations not held in the presence of Schmitz or Ruef and so merely hearsay; Schmitz's cross-examination in part was held as error because questions were admitted on matters not touched upon in the direct examination; and the two most important grounds of error declared were legal rather than moral, one dealing with the admission of testimony against the rules of evidence, the other apparently pointing out a defect of the indictment under the law. As to the first, it appears that Ruef made very damaging admissions which affected Schmitz during his rebuttal testimony; these admissions the court holds (and the contention certainly seems reasonable) should have been brought out in the direct examination, as they were in the nature of new evidence and not proper for admission after the witness had been thoroughly examined and cross-examined. Finally, the court holds that the indictment, as it stood, did not constitute a public offense, as it did not qualify the alleged threat to prevent the French restaurant men from obtaining a liquor license as "unlawful," but only as an injury. We need not here consider the allegation of some of the press correspondents that four of the judges of the Appellate Court are connected by marriage with people who have been indicted, or who have vigorously opposed the graft prosecution; for, unless positive evidence is produced of unworthy motives, it is the duty of all citizens to accept such a decision as honest and legally justified. We may, however, record the fact that a very large body of public sentiment in San Francisco, including that of many who have not been in sympathy with Mr. Heney's work in its full extent, looks with openly expressed regret at this failure of justice. That the failure is complete or final must not, however, be inferred. Even if no further convictions are obtained, the public exposure and disgrace of these two arch-conspirators in municipal and personal corruption in San Francisco will have a tonic effect on the public conscience. Moreover, there are still outstanding a large number of indictments against both Ruef and Schmitz, and, if we may judge from the persistence and vigor shown by Mr. Langdon, the District Attorney, and his special assistant, Mr. Heney, in the past, other proceedings, perhaps more carefully directed in their legal procedure, will be instituted and followed up. A trusted correspondent of The Outlook, who has ample and unusual means of gauging public opinion, writes to us as follows:

The decision of the Appellate Court is received with great popular disappointment and some resentment. Charges are freely made against the judges of unfairness and improper motives. The opposition to the prosecution, which is vehement and widespread among the wealthier classes, is confirmed and gratified, in that the decision rebukes what opponents have called the high handed inquisitorial tyranny and the recklessness of a public prosecution supported by private means. Fair-minded men who understand and respect legal considerations are inclined to admit that the trial of Schmitz, which under the stress of prevailing conditions assumed the form of a battle quite as much as of a trial, was not conducted without serious mistakes of procedure and

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ruling, and that therefore the Appellate Court might well be justified in demanding a new trial. That it should have gone so far as to dismiss the indictment is, in the minds of these same men, less intelligible. It is not for a layman to review a legal decision, but it appears certain that this decision was not dictated or swayed by the moral emotions. In dismissing the indictment for extortion it lays society bare and at the mercy of an unscrupulous lawyer intrenched in political power. It practically, in its results, confirms bribery in legal right, if only it take the form of a lawyer's fee or retainer.

In face of this decision, the legally untutored mind is prompted, in its blank helplessness, to ask the makers and interpreters of law the honest though naïve question: If this isn't the way to put our ex-Mayor in the penitentiary, then please tell us the right one?

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Booker Washington and Tuskegee

Many remarkable meetings have been held in various parts of the country in the interest of the work which Booker T. Washington has done and is doing for his race at Tuskegee Institute, perhaps no one more remarkable, however, than that which convened in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Friday night of last week to hear Governor Hughes, ex-Mayor Seth Low, Colonel Henry Watterson, Principal Washington, and Bishop Grant of the African Methodist Church, appeal for special aid from the public for Tuskegee Institute, which is seriously feeling the effect of the present financial crisis. Our readers know the faith, respect, and admiration which The Outlook entertains for the practical and spiritual work of Tuskegee Institute and for the statesmanlike views and achievements of its eminent Principal. We shall not make any appeal of our own this time, but commend to our readers with hearty approval what was said at that meeting. The most notable feature of the occasion was an address by Colonel Henry Watterson, distinguished both as a Kentuckian and as the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal. Colonel Watterson is a thoroughgoing American, but also a thoroughgoing Southerner, and what he says ought to have and will have effective influence with the people of the South. We give below a few extracts which include some of the most striking sentences of his address:

It rejoices me to stand by his side [Booker Washington], to hold up his hands. Nobody can go to Tuskegee and see what I saw there, and come away without being impressed. Ever since I went there, now many years ago, I have been filled with hope; for though the institution of African slavery be dead—and thank the Lord of Hosts for that—the negro is here; he is here in ever-increasing numbers, and he is here to stay. All schemes for getting rid of him are fantastic, and if attempted would prove abortive. He must be developed on new lines, educated to an anomalous situation, and resolved into the body of society, not as an irritant, but as a natural, indispensable, component part.

. . . . . .

I stand here to-night to declare that the world has never witnessed such progress from darkness to light as that which we see in those districts of the South where the negro has had a decent opportunity for self-improvement.

. . . . . .

He is a bad white man who will not help his neighbor black man when that neighbor black man shows the spirit to help himself. He is a bad black man who cherishes hatred in his heart against the white man because he is a white man. He is a foolish black man who thinks because the mirage of social equality, which would prove a curse rather than a blessing, is denied him that the white man hates him. Social questions the world over create their own laws and settle themselves. They cannot be forced. It is idle anywhere for anybody to contest or quarrel with them. No man should wish to go where he is not wanted; true, self-respecting men dismiss the very thought of it, going their own way, hoeing their own row, and giving praise to God that their happiness is within themselves and beyond the reach of any man, be he white, black, king or vassal!

Governor Hughes made a strong plea for practical education of the negro. "There is," he said, "no color line in good work, whether of hand or brain. Good work, trained skill, and sterling integrity are the same, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Mr. James Bryce, the English Ambassador, in a letter expressing regret at his unavoidable absence from the meeting, urged an education for both whites and blacks which shall turn out "men who are able to earn their living by their handicraft, men with habits of steady application, men who can find pleasure in the exercise of skill."

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Dr. Frissell and Hampton Institute

It seems proper that the occasion of so interesting and remarkable an appeal for Tuskegee should also be an occasion to remind those who are interested in working out a solution of the so-called negro problem that Hampton Institute is the mother of Tuskegee. The two institutions are intimately related. Dr. Booker Washington is himself a graduate of Hampton, and much of the inspiration which helped Tuskegee through the perilous days of its infancy and childhood was drawn from Hampton Institute, whose founder, General Armstrong, and whose present head, Dr. Frissell, have done more, it is safe to say, than any other two white men for the cause of sound, practical, and sympathetic education of the negro. While the two institutions are working along the same lines, and in absolute harmony and with full recognition of their indebtedness each to the other, there is a point of distinction between them which it is well to bear in mind. Tuskegee is carried on entirely by the negro race; its principal, in the very first group of distinguished Americans of to-day, is a negro; its teaching and executive staffs are composed of negroes. In a word, it is an object-lesson in what the negro can do for his fellow-negroes. At Hampton, however, founded by white men and carried on by white men for forty years, we have an example of what the white man can do for his fellow, the negro. To be sure, at Hampton some of the most important and influential teaching posts are filled by negroes, but it is an embodiment of the white man's work for the negro, as Tuskegee is an embodiment of the black man's work for the negro. Both examples are of enormous value to the North as well as to the South, but in the substantial recognition which the white philanthropist gives, and ought to give, to Booker Washington, he ought not to forget the needs of Dr. Frissell. Hampton Institute at the present time is doing a greater work than ever. It is teaching within its buildings over thirteen hundred students and scholars. The annual cost of this splendid work is about $218,000; the total annual income is $123,000. This makes it necessary for the Institute to raise in some way or other $100,000 annually. The present financial depression has caused a very serious falling off in the subscriptions which are depended upon to make up this sum. Dr. Frissell and Dr. Washington are both doing so important a work in peacefully solving one of the greatest social enigmas of the times that they ought not to be permitted by their fellow-citizens to waste their time and strength in painfully seeking for the necessary funds upon which this work rests.

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The Story of a Land Grab in a Great City

There is more than local significance in the story told by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson in Collier's Weekly. He calls it "Holden Court—A Symbol," and that which it symbolizes is the indifference to good faith only too common among corporations and individuals when dealing with a city. The firm of Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, in its dealings with individuals and with fellow-merchants, has undoubtedly a high reputation; and with them it would not break faith or refuse to carry out an agreement under a technical plea. But, if the story told by Mr. Patterson is true, this great business concern has deliberately tricked the city of Chicago in order to gain advantages to which it is not entitled. Mr. Patterson tells the story, not because of its importance as an individual instance, but, as he says, because it is a typical example of "land-stealing which is as profitable (and a good deal safer) in the big cities of the East as it is in the timber lands of the far West." It seems that in Chicago, and many other American cities, merchants have fallen into the way up putting up their buildings to extend beyond the building line. If this illegal extension is six inches, and land is worth one hundred dollars a square foot, such an extension in a building one hundred feet in length is worth five thousand dollars. It is very difficult for the city to get redress in such a case, if the building has once been erected. So,

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also, merchants in Chicago and elsewhere have fallen into the custom of appropriating the land under the sidewalks in front of their buildings, hollowing out cellars and storerooms there without any pretense of title or ownership. Here, too, it is difficult for the city to get any compensation. But in Chicago, three years ago, an attempt was made to compel trespassers of this kind to pay something into the city treasury in compensation. Forthwith the merchants got out injunctions under a remarkable extension of the legal theory of "easements," and there was no result. But about this time Mr. Patterson, who was then the Chicago Commissioner of Public Works, found that Marshall Field & Co. wanted to bridge over a narrow street called Holden Court, which ran between their two large buildings—that is, they proposed to put an eleven-story annex between the two buildings, the lowest part of which should be eighteen feet above the street level of Holden Court, so as not to interfere with traffic. They could not do this without a permit from the Commissioner. He saw his opportunity, and made a bargain with them to the effect that if they would pay something to the city for the right to put up this bridge-building, and would also pay $3,500 a year for ten years in compensation for their appropriation of sidewalk space, the consent required should be given. The agreement was of such a nature that it had to be made verbally and not by written contract. The city kept its part of the agreement to the letter—or, as Mr. Patterson says, "every line and every syllable, verbal and written and implied." But, without any allegation on the part of Marshall Field & Co. that the city had violated its agreement, that firm simply declined to pay the sidewalk compensation agreed upon, and, when it was demanded, went to the courts for the old form of injunction, and succeeded in obtaining a temporary injunction, which is now, says Mr. Patterson, two years old and "looking very healthy," while the Corporation Counsel has informed him that he has no idea when the case will be called. Mr. Patterson adds that the present Corporation Counsel "holds his job" owing to his good offices with the two Republican statesmen known as Hinky-Dink Kenna and Bathhouse John Coughlin, who are Aldermen for the ward in which most of Chicago's big stores stand. Moreover, not only have Marshall Field & Co. obtained all they asked for; they have taken a great deal more; for their "bridge" is not eighteen feet above grade, but half of its width goes straight down to the ground. The firm declare that they regard the part which now obstructs half the street as temporary; but it seems to be solidly built, although of wood, and Mr. Patterson says that it "looks about as temporary as the injunction." Thus only half of the narrow street is left for the public; and, to crown the whole, the firm have now placed a rope across this half, and when Mr. Patterson, the other day, took the rope off the hook to which it is suspended in order to pass through, he was scolded by an employee for not crawling under! The story would not be worth telling if it were not for the fact that it is alleged to be, not only of Chicago, but of all large cities, "typical, normal, and characteristic." Perhaps the time will come when the conscience of the individual or the corporation toward the public, as represented by the city, will be exactly the same as it is toward an individual; but certainly, if such instances as this mean anything, that time has yet to come.

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The Race Question in the Transvaal

In September The Outlook commented on the difficulties which confronted the British Ministry in connection with a population of more than one hundred thousand East Indians domiciled in Natal and the Transvaal. President Kruger, in the days of the Boer Republic, refused to grant citizen rights to Indians, on the ground that they were not white. A law was passed by the Volksraad denying many privileges of citizenship to them; but the British Ministry insisted that, as the Indians were British subjects, under a Convention made in 1884, there could be no discrimination against them. As a matter of fact, and although

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the Transvaal has been a British colony for seven years, many discriminations have been made. Indians are not allowed to enter the colony without a permit; they are not allowed to hold real estate; in some of the cities they are compelled to live in outlying reservations; in Johannesburg they cannot use the sidewalks or ride in cars on railways or surface lines used by white people. Strong protests have been made to the British Ministry from the natives of India as well as from the friends of the Transvaal Indians in London. The great majority of Liberals are probably against discrimination along race lines. On the other hand, a vast majority of the people of the Transvaal demand the most rigid discrimination; and the British Ministry is put in the position of being compelled to choose between keeping the good will of its newly acquired colony and arousing the wrath and adding fuel to the flame of discontent already fiercely burning in India; or of appeasing its Indian subjects and creating a difficult situation in the Transvaal. The anti-immigration legislation carried through by the Transvaal has been drastically applied, and some of its provisions the Hindus regard as personally humiliating, especially those which relate to personal identification. Quite a large number of Hindus have refused to comply with these provisions, and have been sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. Mass-meetings have been held in Pretoria and Johannesburg, and resolutions adopted committing these colonists to a continuance of the struggle for equality upon which the natives of India in the British colonies have embarked. The Home Government has a veto power of legislation in the Transvaal, but the Colonial Secretary in London is reported to have approved the measure now giving offense to the Hindus, without consulting his colleagues; not anticipating, it is suspected, a drastic application of the measure, nor foreseeing the great peril of drawing lines against the Hindu in South Africa while India is in a state of ferment. When asked why he allowed this legislation to become a law, Lord Elgin, the Colonial Secretary, is reported to have answered that he had to choose between approval and rebellion in the Transvaal. Public feeling in India has already reached the danger point, and Mr. Morley's hands, as Secretary for India, are full, without the addition of new causes of irritation. The situation is from every point of view one of very great embarrassment for the British Government, and the Government's treatment of it will be watched with a great deal of interest.

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The London Times The London Times, founded in 1788, has been under the control of one family for four generations, and for much of that time it has been the foremost newspaper published in the English language. It has written the history of the British Empire and of the modern world with a breadth of view and a sense of perspective which its keenest critics must concede and admire. Its correspondents in other countries have been men of the highest ability and the most thorough training. It has so long risen above the level of partisanship, and has so closely and successfully interpreted British opinion, that it has come to be regarded as a national institution. Its history, for four generations of the Walter family, has been intimately associated with every aspect of English life, and has not lacked romantic and dramatic incidents. When the decision of the Peel Ministry on the Corn Law was announced in the Times in 1842, it was instantly suspected that a ministerial secret of high importance had been betrayed by one of the most fascinating women of her time; and in "Diana of the Crossways" Mr. Meredith has made this incident the dramatic climax of a fascinating story. As a matter of fact, the Times was used by the Ministers themselves as the most effective medium for breaking the news to London. The report, not yet fully substantiated, that the Times is now to pass into the hands of a group of men notable for energy and journalistic iconoclasm has created almost as much dismay among conservative Englishmen as would a serious proposal to abolish the House of Lords or to disestablish the Church.

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The New Manager

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, into whose hands it has been reported that the paper may pass, belongs to a small group of men who have literally stormed the heights of success by sheer pluck and energy. The son of a Somerset clergyman, educated at Winchester, by making the best answers to an examination paper he won the newspaper prize of a clerkship in the office of Tid-Bits, at the same time when another youngster, quite as unknown and entirely without means, Alfred Harmsworth, was beginning his work in the office of the London Illustrated News, of which Mr. George Newnes, now Sir George Newnes, was the proprietor. Mr. Pearson became the business manager of Tid-Bits. Four years later he started Pearson's Weekly, and followed it with a succession of magazines. Later he entered the field of London journalism, started the Express, purchased the St. James's Gazette, reorganized the Standard, and has now become manager of the Times. Mr. George Newnes has become a member of Parliament and a baronet. Mr. Harmsworth has gone into the peerage and become Lord Northcliffe. It is believed that the three men have been competing for the control of the Times. London is waiting with bated breath to know what changes will be introduced. The announcement has been made that, while Mr. Pearson wlll reorganize the business management, the editorial character and policy of the paper will remain unchanged, and the tradition of political independence, which in Mr. Delane's time made the Times a great influence in English public affairs, be maintained. It is natural, however, that a man who represents the "hustling" temperament of Lord Northcliffe and Sir George Newnes should be suspected of an intention to lower the tone of the Times and mar its dignity by bringing it into line with what is sometimes called "modern journalism," which means, on the one side, a good deal of freshness without formality, a large development of the department of current news, and, on the other side, more impressionistic treatment of events, a large infusion of personalities, and an endeavor to bring a journal into conformity with what is supposed to be the taste of a larger audience of a lower degree of culture.

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A Great Danish Poet

News has just reached this country of the death at the age of sixty-one of Holger Drachmann, the Danish poet, novelist, and dramatist. Drachmann's career was both picturesque and extraordinary. He was the son of a well-known physician of Copenhagen. He entered the university at twenty-one, but left it after a year to become an art student, and for some time devoted himself to painting. At twenty-six years of age, however, when he published his first volume of poems, he adopted literature as his profession, and from that time until the day of his death was a voluminous writer of poetry, novels, essays, and dramas. His fellow-countryman, Georg Brandes, made his appeal to the literary scholar and expert; Drachmann's influence was with the people. He has been called the Robert Burns of Scandinavia, and his lyrics and national songs were known literally to every fisherman, farmer, and villager in Denmark, and had besides a wide vogue in Norway, Sweden, and even in Germany. A year ago his sixtieth birthday was celebrated in Denmark with demonstrations not only in the cities but in every little hamlet. Three thousand school-children honored him with a serenade in the City Hall of Copenhagen, and King Frederick, although Drachmann was an advocate of social democracy and politically opposed to monarchical traditions, bestowed upon him the decoration of a Grand Commander of the Knights of Dannebrog, one of the greatest governmental distinctions that can be conferred on a Danish civilian. The poet was an intimate personal friend of King Oscar of Sweden, and he had been decorated by him also. Unlike Ibsen, Drachmann was an optimist of friendly and genial temperament and splendid physique. He was some inches more than six feet in height, and proportionately well formed. Some years ago he paid a visit to America, much to the gratification of the Danish citizens of this country, and, as one of his New York Danish

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friends recently said with pride, "When he walked down Broadway people turned around and looked at him." It is not only an honor to him but an honor to the Danish people that Drachmann's best poems and dramas are known to and loved by not only university professors and professional men but by the humblest working men and women of Denmark. Georg Brandes was better known outside Denmark than Drachmann; but the country has produced no more representative writer during the past generation than this popular poet. It is an interesting fact that, although Ibsen is always identified with Norway, he was the descendant of a Danish skipper who went to Norway about two hundred years ago, that his forefathers married Danes, Germans, or Scotchwomen, and that although his family had been in Norway for nearly two hundred years, no pure Norse blood descended to him from his parents. The Danes have had in every way a remarkable history; like the Scotch, they have made an impression out of proportion to their numbers. The Dane, Hamlet, is undoubtedly the foremost figure in the dramatic literature of the world.

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Trustworthy Testimony

While the New York Sun varies its unpatriotic attempt to awaken the apprehensions of Japan in regard to American intentions in the Far East with elaborate telegrams from France reporting a strong feeling in that country that war between Japan and the United States is inevitable, it is well to emphasize a few facts which have weight and significance in this caldron of newspaper talk. One hundred and ten of the most prominent missionaries in the Japanese Empire, representing twenty American organizations, have signed a series of resolutions in which, while disclaiming any intention of dealing with questions of international politics, they strongly affirm their duty, as preachers of the Gospel of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, to keep a good understanding between Japan and the other countries. "We wish," they say, "to bear testimony to the sobriety, sense of international justice, and freedom from aggressive designs exhibited by the great majority of the Japanese people, and to their faith in the traditional justice and equity of the United States. Moreover, we desire to place on record our profound appreciation of the kind treatment which we experience at the hands of both Government and people; our belief that the alleged 'belligerent attitude' of the Japanese does not represent the real sentiments of the nation; and our ardent hope that local and spasmodic misunderstandings may not be allowed to affect in the slightest degree the natural and historic friendship of the two neighbors on opposite sides of the Pacific. With entire confidence in the wisdom and justice of the Japanese and American Governments in dealing with the causes of irritation between citizens of the two countries, we earnestly pray that their efforts to maintain peace and good will may be supported by all patriotic citizens, and may be crowned with success."

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Wanted, Patriots

Once it seemed as if Philadelphia was about to lose its uncoveted eminence among the most corrupt of American cities. Since Mayor Reyburn has been in command, however, the city has regained its lost distinction. The question which some Philadelphians might ask is whether San Francisco, or Chicago, or New York may not still be as bad; but the question which sensitive Philadelphians are asking now is not even whether their own city has made any progress; it is whether it is worse than ever. If Pennsylvania were still a colony, the people of its chief city would probably be in a ferment of complaint against an oppressive king or foreign parliament; but having the government of their own choice, they appear to submit to oppression and plunder with pusillanimity.

Whatever government Philadelphians have is the government they want. We must judge their moral taste by their choice. They can have their municipal garments cut to their own liking; it is

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just, therefore, to regard the style as their standard of good form.

What sort of man do Philadelphians exalt as their highest type of public official? Whom do they choose as their chief representative? A man who acknowledges that he is "a heeler," and declares that he is "glad of it." Mayor Reyburn is not only an avowed opponent of the merit system; he is an opponent of the law by which the merit system is supposed to be guarded. He permits one of his recent appointees to defy the law which forbids a city employee to be a member of a political committee and to continue as Republican City Committeeman. His loquacity in avowing his loyalty to his masters is serving one good end—it is bringing the organization into ridicule. He ought not, however, to be blamed for frankly preaching doctrines which Philadelphians have by their votes approved.

And the organization whose servant the Mayor is, what of that? Philadelphians put that machine in power; it must therefore represent Philadelphian taste in principles of municipal government. The great working principle of that "Republican" organization, briefly stated, seems to be this: that an office should be provided for every man who can control a score of votes. In other words, Philadelphians reward with a salary any one who can make twenty of them political slaves. This principle involves the expenditure of a great deal of money. It has been stated by a former Commissioner of Public Works that additional places and increases under the present administration mean an additional expenditure of one million two hundred thousand dollars. The present tax rate is $1.50 on assessments at full value. At the present ratio of increase, the tax rate will rise to $2. This indicates how dearly Philadelphians are ready to pay for their adherence to their own fashion in political principles. They are not only willing to pay for these principles themselves, but are willing apparently to require the poor and sick to pay also. According to the Philadelphia North American, the present budget, which includes increases for the "faithful" and provides many new "bones," as public offices are now called in Philadelphia, represents a disregard of the needs of the Almshouse and the Philadelphia Hospital. It was Paul, we believe, and not a Philadelphian, who proclaimed without contradiction that he was a citizen of no mean city. Philadelphians have written out in living characters their ideals of municipal politics.

What are Philadelphian ideals as to the business of a city government in protecting the dwellers in their city? To be sick of typhoid fever in Philadelphia has been a privilege, to die of typhoid fever in Philadelphia has been an honor, which Philadelphians are generous enough to share with visitors. By putting the construction of the filters for the city water supply into the control of men who not only squandered the city's money but also trifled with the city's health, they secured ample means for distributing this privilege, this honor, with a free hand. Not to set limits to such open-handed action, they have rewarded the filtration contractor with more contracts, and have made him the most potent single factor in the city. They have allowed him to dominate the organization which dominates the administrative departments which have charge of the inspection of public contractors. By thus putting him in the position of controlling both ends of the transaction in any city contract they have shown a faith in him which must be ample reward even for the service he has rendered. There is something almost sublime in this spectacle of a city thus intrusting itself for protection to the mercy of a single individual. Could any ideals reach greater heights?

In all these matters, however, it would be a gross error to suppose that all Philadelphians are unanimous. Far from it. The prevailing doctrines are sustained by a very small majority. Out of a total of two hundred and twenty-five thousand votes, the machine has a majority of only ten to twenty-five thousand. Election laws have deprived the machine of some seventy thousand fraudulent votes. A stringent registration act has ended ballot-box stuffing, personation, and false registry. A solid vote of a hundred thousand stands for

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revolt against the present conditions. A change of twelve thousand votes would probably give it a majority. The rulers of Philadelphia do not find the city as acquiescent as it once was. They are trying to avoid extreme measures. Of a ten-million-dollar bond issue, they actually allotted one-fourth to the schools. They have permitted some improvement in the appointments. They have made better terms with the two public service corporations which supply gas and operate street-car lines than those which were proposed years ago. In spite of a wide margin in city contracts for "graft" and profit, they have allowed competition; and have thus conceded lower prices and better work. The group which constitutes these rulers still holds the city in its hands, but it feels itself limited by a narrower majority and the fear of a new wave of reform. It also feels the loss of sympathetic support in Pittsburgh, and is weakened by the growing independence of rural counties.

If tyranny is as hateful in the twentieth century as it was in the eighteenth; if it is as hateful when exercised in a democracy as when exercised by a king and a foreign parliament; if it is as hateful in the form of financial power as in the form of military force—then Philadelphia is under a hateful form of government. What does Philadelphia need to secure freedom? It needs patriots. Were there even five men in each of eight hundred districts willing to maintain the reform division organization, it would be possible to throw off the yoke of an oppressive machine. Money is needed. Even reform voters are demoralized by the huge election expenditures of the past. A city campaign cannot be fought with less than fifty thousand dollars as a minimum; and it usually requires twice that amount. Contractors and assessments furnish this to the machine. Reformers will contribute this only in seasons of enthusiasm. The ordinary reform voter has not yet learned to support his politics as he supports his church, by small contributions. When he does, he will govern the city.

The approaching municipal election in February will be a test of Philadelphians. It will determine what sort of a city government they want. The question they will answer is simply this: Are there among Philadelphians enough patriots to put an end to municipal tyranny?

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Paul Milyukov

During the past eighteen months four notable Russians have visited America—Gorky, Tschaykovsky, Aladin, Milyukov. The first is a Socialist, the second a revolutionary, the third a labor leader, and the fourth a constitutional leader.

Last week Paul Milyukov spent three days in America. He journeyed five thousand miles from St. Petersburg to speak before the Civic Forum of New York City. Bishop Potter presented him to a representative audience of four thousand sympathetic listeners at Carnegie Hall. He was then invited to address a smaller but very influential audience in Washington, composed of members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet and over a hundred members of Congress. These were equally impressed by the speaker's poise and power.

Paul Milyukov (the name is spelled by New York newspapers in five different ways, but that used here is, as we happen to know, the spelling now adopted by Mr. Milyukov) is forty-nine years old. He was born in Moscow, "Holy Moscow," the very heart of Russia. And he is of Russian descent. But he looks like a German, or at least a Swede, certainly unlike the type which our prejudices call Russian—a black-haired and brown-eyed type, a lank, languid, lethargic type, yet one full of sudden fire at times, and always visionary, prejudiced, fatalistic, lacking in balance and confidence. On the contrary, Paul Milyukov has blond-gray hair and mustache and blue eyes, he is stocky, virile, vigorous, practical, judicially-minded, hopeful, confident, brave.

Four years ago at the University of Chicago and the following year at the Lowell Institute, Boston, Professor Milyukov lectured on "Russian Civilization." Much of the matter of those lectures he included in his "Russia and Its Crisis," published in 1905, a book worthy

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to stand alongside the appreciations of Russian conditions by Sir Donald Wallace, MM. Leroy-Beaulieu and Victor Bérard.

In his book and in his lectures, but especially in his guidance of a political party, which he more than any one else has created, we realize that there exist two Russias—official Russia and the Russia of the people. When we say "America" or "England," the names suggest a union of governments and peoples. Not so in Russia. One Russia has been, as Mr. Milyukov maintains, an anachronism, deeply rooted in the past and defended in the present by a potent bureaucracy. The other is the Russia of the people of the future, the Russia of reforms which imply the negation of official Russia as represented by autocracy.

PAUL MILYUKOV

From a recent photograph by Underwood & Underwood

In October, 1905, the people definitely forged to the fore in a disaffection shown in all classes of the population, and forced the fall of autocracy in the Emperor's welcome Freedom Manifesto. This national movement, says Professor Milyukov, with a historian's perspective, was the first of the four consecutive phases which one may distinguish in the events of the past three years.

The second phase was revolutionary. It was short, lasting from the October victory above mentioned to the December defeat of the Moscow insurrection, and proved fatal to the complete success of the whole movement for ordered liberty. With the opening of the first Duma—the lower house of the parliament brought into being by the Emperor's Manifesto—there came the third or constitutional phase. The fourth and present phase began with that Duma's dissolution, and may be called unconstitutional, because marked by the Government's use of unconstitutional methods and outrageous oppression.

Those who have been carrying on the fight of the people against the Government, of democracy against autoc-

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racy, have been called radicals. But now that Russia has a Magna Charta and a Parliament, Paul Milyukov may more truly be termed a moderate. For he holds himself aloof both from reaction and from revolution. His aim has been "to reconcile idealistic aspirations with the practicability of reforms," and hence his genius, foreseeing that the new order of things must necessarily be both political and social, both constitutional and democratic, created the only political party in Russia really worthy the name—the Constitutional Democrats, or Kadets, as they are familiarly called from the initials of the full name of the party. These men, with their leader, believe in a practically universal suffrage, a parliamentary government under a constitutional monarch, a Constitution formulated by Parliament and approved by the Emperor, a Ministry responsible to Parliament, and (as regards the chief economic problem) a systematic extension of the serf-emancipation reform of 1861, by dealing out additional allotments to the Communes from the Crown lands and from the larger private estates, to be expropriated by means of compulsory sale at a fair price. In addition, during the first Duma, the Constitutional Democrats asked the Emperor to grant a general amnesty for political offenders, proposed the abolishment of capital punishment, and, according to some critics, definitely refused to denounce political assassinations.

This certainly sounds radical. But, as Professor Milyukov remarked to a representative of The Outlook, "A general amnesty was, of course, not proposed as a legislative act, but purely as an appeal to the Emperor's sense of Imperial justice, now that by his Freedom Manifesto a new régime had supplanted the old. We thus felt that we were within our rights in begging amnesty for purely political offenses committed before October 30, 1905. For general criminals no amnesty was asked or contemplated. As to any alleged hesitancy to denounce political assassinations, let me say that we do condemn such assassinations. *But* we lay the responsibility for them and for all terroristic facts at the door of the Government. And that Government wanted us to indorse it before it had instituted a single reform! We said: 'Political crimes cannot be removed by our denunciation until you remove the cause. Then they will cease automatically. Then the public spirit will change and they will disappear. There is no other way to prevent revolution than to reform."

That the Government realized this during the first Duma is shown by the fact that for an instant it actually considered co-operation with the Constitutional Democratic majority, even to the extent of forming a Kadet Ministry. For the first time in public, Mr. Milyukov admitted this fact in his New York address—indeed, his name was generally mentioned in connection with the Premiership of such a Cabinet—and added, "One of the high dignitaries, who was intrusted with the preliminary negotiations, told me what their motives were for proposing to call a Kadet Ministry to power. 'When a house is on fire,' this gentleman said, 'one is obliged to choose between leaping from the fifth story at the risk of a broken leg, and the peril of being burned alive.'"

But, even if he were not to be Premier, Mr. Milyukov certainly deserved well of his Government and his kind. On the violent dissolution of the first Duma the Kadets went to Viborg, in Finland, and prepared a declaration. The more venturesome declared against further participation by the people in army recruitments and against the payment of taxes. But their leaders induced them to abandon the first, and to proclaim the second only in case another Duma should not be summoned. Fortunately, the Government heeded such a warning. Even if it did arrest the Viborg protestants for "constructive treason," it summoned a new Duma. Thus was the danger averted that national representation was to be abolished. And even now the so-called "governmental Duma," chosen by the arbitrarily changed electoral law, actually refuses to the Emperor the title of autocrat. In rejoinder, the Government calls the Kadets revolutionary.

They and their leader are not revolutionaries in the sense of endeavoring

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to accomplish reforms by other than peaceful means. The Kadets are the upholders of law and order, and thus oppose both the reactionaries and the revolutionaries. Moreover, in upholding law and order the Kadets are careful to take no step forward which, at the next swing of the pendulum, may involve two steps back. Finally, the Kadet leader seems to be the one man in Russia able to deflect socialistic and revolutionary mental tendencies into constitutional channels. Hence he speaks with a different authority from that of other political leaders. He is thus the man of the moment, and the moment is big with the future.

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A Tragedy of the Good

The figure of the man appointed to die on a certain day and begging for a little more time was very familiar to the mediæval imagination, and appeared in many variations of a story whose pathos and meaning even the wayfaring man could not fail to read. In our day thoughtful men pray, not to be saved from death, but from what many call life. They are so overloaded with responsibilities and compassed about with what they regard as duties that they have become mere automatic machines. They keep their engagements and do the work assigned them on the hour; they are models of punctuality and often miracles of executive fidelity; but they are selling their birthright of time as if they held it by absolute ownership and not in trust. A great deal has been said of late about the absence of the sense of responsibility in those who are trustees charged with the care of other people's interests, and of the tendency of men who control great properties to give away that which is not their own. This is precisely what a host of good men and women are doing through a mistaken notion that life is wholly a matter of action, and that the measure of service is the number of activities to which one gives a hand. It would be just as rational to say that the wisest man is he who has read the greatest number of books, and the most learned woman she who has taken the greatest number of post-graduate courses; when, as a matter of common knowledge, the omnivorous reader and the omnivorous taker of special courses are never wise and seldom educated.

It is very easy to drift into devouring activities, and many discover too late that they have mortgaged themselves for more than their value; they have pledged their entire capital of strength, time, and ability, and have parted with their most precious possession—the power of inward growth. To such men and women, depleted by the incessant drain on resources which they have no chance to build up, and deadened in body and soul by the merciless strain of unrelieved activity, the prayer for time becomes a cry of acute suffering. Those who are content to be machines and are satisfied with "keeping things going" will not understand this experience; but many heroic workers know the sense of utter failure which comes in the midst of successful work; the longing of the soul for time to be by itself with nature and with God; to get the meaning out of experience by meditating upon it; to lie fallow until the earlier and the later rains have fertilized the soil to the point where life is ready to rise out of it in a great rush of joyous energy.

Men were not made to become machines; they were made living creatures, and they need the nourishment of reflection, observation, reading, leisure, pleasure. The time that comes to them is a gift from God; they are to make free use of it, but they can neither sell it nor give it away. They must enrich it, multiply its earning power, put it out at interest; they cannot divide it between a number of beneficiaries and have done with it. It is for the use of their souls as well as of their brains and hands; it belongs to the Giver, and it must be used subject to the conditions which He imposes. To work so hard that one has no time to think of Him is a tragic folly, no matter how honorable the work may be; to give one's self so entirely to activities that one has no time for his soul, no leisure for inward growth, no opportunity to let the springs of life fill

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and fertilize the spirit, is to make a dismal failure of life, no matter how unselfish the activities may be. In this world men are held as rigidly responsible for the use of good sense, wise judgment, clear intelligence, as for the moral qualities of their actions. Their blunders and follies are punished as certainly as their sins. The man who makes a machine of himself by giving to activity the portion of time which belongs to his soul becomes as metallic and barren as the selfish drudge; the woman whose days are unbroken successions of engagements loses the finer quality, the higher power, of her nature, as inevitably as if she were given up to frivolity. There are tragedies of the good as well as of the bad; there are failures among those who mean well, as among those who mean ill. The man who sells his birthright for a good cause sells it just as truly as he who parts with it for a mess of pottage; and there are few things more pitiful than a man become such a slave to good works that he starves in the midst of plenty.

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The Spectator

From the earliest days of the Spectator's youth—as far back as he can remember—he has wished to spend a summer, or even a month, "in the open"—sleeping by night under a canopy of stars, cooking by a camp-fire, eating from tin dishes, drinking ice-cold water from a mountain spring, and, in short, living as closely to Mother Nature as her children of modern life may be allowed to come. As he grew from childhood to man's estate and began to read the nature books which revealed the delights of that—to him—unknown country, the desire of his youth grew apace with his years. A passing glance of mountain peaks, forest glades, and running brooks gave him no sense of satisfaction, he so much desired a more intimate acquaintance, an experience based upon daily life among them. Yet he waited for his opportunity.

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The Spectator recalls a trip to the Adirondacks and the disappointment resulting therefrom, when hotel life was his portion instead of the wilderness which he had hoped to explore. He also remembers a carriage trip through the White Mountains, when the stories of the driver, a former lumberman, aroused all his old longings for camp life. For many days he had visions of beans baked in the ground; of brown bread steamed at the camp-fire; of little or no companionship except the few who shared with him the same longings for an existence freed from the conventionalities of city life. Still the Spectator waited.

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At last the long-wished-for opportunity came, and who shall say that the Spectator was not the better prepared for the joys about to be set before him because of his many years of longing and waiting? Just at the psychological moment, as he was finishing Stewart Edward White's book, "The Mountains," came the invitation from the Parson and his wife to join them at their camp in the San Bernardino Mountains. As he had been told that the requirements for camp life were a total absence of fastidiousness, a love of nature, old clothes, and a good appetite, the Spectator made a thorough examination of his mental and physical condition, looked over his last year's outfit, and then signified his ability to stand the test. He was thereupon bidden to enter the sacred realms of Camp Swastika at short notice, bringing with him no other credentials than those specified.

❀

But this entering of "the promised land" was not easily accomplished; it meant a drive of twenty-six miles—an all day's journey—from the railway station in the valley to an elevation of over five thousand feet in the mountains, and travel was necessarily slow and toilsome. The Spectator learned from the driver of the stage that the charge for the downward trip would be only half as much as for the upward climb—the first time that he remembers down grade and consequent momentum being taken into consideration when the actual number of miles remained the same. The first fifteen miles carried us out from the

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fertile fields and orchards of the valley into the undulating foothills; then up a switchback grade of seven miles, backward and forward, up and up, each turn taking us nearer the crest, where many of the passengers were left at a summer hotel. But the Spectator was not to tarry here. He was taken by private conveyance ten miles farther on, to the camp presided over by the Parson and the Parson's wife. Here, at last, was the dream of the Spectator fulfilled—here the camp with all its furnishings that nature had so lavishly provided; here the opportunity to be one's own natural self, with no demands made upon him except such as were necessary to sustain life in the simplest fashion.

❀

The Spectator found the grove of tall pine-trees, in whose topmost branches the evening breezes gave him a song of welcome; he discovered the running brook, bordered by ferns and dogwood; he gazed upon a near-by meadow where cows were grazing and where lights and shadows played in fanciful fashion; he was introduced to a tiny cook-stove with which a child could play at getting meals, and directed to the common wash-basin which offered its privileges of ablution to one and all. His chamber was in a dense growth of young pines and brake, while his mattress was of pine-needles—plenty of them and well shaken. But before the Spectator was allowed to try this primitive mattress he was bidden to join the circle around the camp-fire, as shadows were falling and the air was growing sweetly chilly. It was, indeed, all as the Spectator would have it; nothing was lacking, from the music in the pines to the blazing logs of the camp-fire, from the bean-pot buried in the hot ashes to the outdoor chamber and the starry canopy.

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Four weeks spent in this mountain camp in no sense cured the Spectator of his passion for outdoor life. What memories will be his in the coming years! Memories of meals prepared and eaten under the trees, with the blue jay giving warning of approaching depredations by a hoarse little croak, and the black-throated little birds, the juncos, coming almost to the very feet of the diners in their desire to pick up the crumbs from the kitchen floor—that floor which knew neither brush nor broom; of evenings around the camp-fire, when the Parson, by the light of the blazing logs, reads John Muir's descriptions of the Sierras, or leads his party across the desert with Dr. John Van Dyke as a special conductor, or into "The Land of Little Rain," where the acquaintance of "the pocket-hunter" is made at the home of Mary Austin. And there will be other memories of the all-day tramps through shady cañons, when the smell of pennyroyal greets his nostrils as he stoops to pick its neighboring blossom, the goldenrod. The luncheons eaten by the brook will also ever be to him an appetizing memory, but that *appetite*—can that return unto the Spectator until he again makes conditions and environment the same? But the memory to remain with the Spectator the longest is that of the early morning hour spent at the crest of the mountain, with blue sky and bright sunshine above, while the fog in the valley below was like an Arctic sea of snow and ice, the peaks of a mountain range some ninety miles away being the only visible signs of earth. Here and there on the smooth surface some rough spots gave evidence of lower peaks trying to lift up their heads and pierce the sea of fog which enveloped them. The Spectator moralized, as is his wont, by remarking that life would have a very different meaning if one could be conscious all the time of standing in God's clear sunlight, with blue sky overhead, while the fogs and mists and all that is mysterious and forbidding are kept in abeyance at one's feet.

❀

The Spectator's dream of camp life had been fulfilled; he had his month in the woods, away from mail service and telephone call; and as he packed his scanty belongings for a homeward trip, he felt like the novice on the stage when about to face an audience for the first time, preferring to remain for a longer time behind the scenes and defer indefinitely his going to the front.

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Johnson of Minnesota

BY CHARLES B. CHENEY

MOST people in Minnesota feel a personal pride in John A. Johnson. His hold on the State is more than political. It is an enthusiasm for the man that has broken down party lines to a great degree. Johnson's personal strength has made him a political giant, and in two elections Minnesota has honored him rarely. By the indorsement of his State he has been raised in four years' time from the obscure desk of a country editor to a conspicuous place in National politics.

Johnson's great success at home has given him an emphatic lift into the larger field. His first Minnesota victory, in 1904, drew attention for the moment as a freak of politics; but the second victory, in 1906, was the greatest popular indorsement the Northwest has ever known. It told the country plainly that in Johnson, the Democratic conqueror of a Republican State, Minnesota had produced an extraordinary man.

He is essentially a Minnesota product, with just such parentage and early surroundings as thousands of others. In ancestry he is wholly Swedish, but Minnesota-born, and the first "native son" Governor the State has had. Though able to read the Swedish language, he has never spoken anything but English.

John Albert Johnson was born in 1861, on a farm near St. Peter, Minnesota. His parents were early comers on that wave of Scandinavian migration that has peopled so much of Minnesota's soil. He was reared in St. Peter, and lived there till his election as Governor. The story of his boyhood is one that compels sympathy and admiration, and offers one reason for his hold on the people. It is not a strange or a unique story—that of a father's desertion, a mother's struggle for her little ones, and a boy's sacrifice of schooling and recreation to help the family. Other boys have done the same, but not many have had the buoyant spirit to overcome their handicap and turn it to account. In Johnson's case his boyhood service made for strength and leadership, and developed a manhood broad and sympathetic.

The true story of those early years had to come out, because a false one was circulated; and the facts, once published, brought a great wave of human sympathy into a political campaign. Thousands of women, as well as men, became missionaries in the Johnson cause.

It goes without saying that the mother of the Johnson family was an exceptional woman. Her face in the portraits that remain shows strength and nobility of character. She helps to account for John A. Johnson. In those early days she worked hard for her young children, but at thirteen John, of his own motion, quit school to become a wage-earner. He got a place first in a grocery-store, and soon after in a drug-store. From the age of thirteen he never had another day's instruction, but never ceased to be a student.

At fifteen John was earning money enough to support his mother and the younger children. He made his mother stop working for other people, and from that time on was head of the family. The burden was heavy for his years, but he was never a drudge. He was interested in everything. An older friend gave him a start in the right sort of reading, which he followed up eagerly, but he had time for all the activities of the village. He never missed social functions, he joined societies, sang in a church choir and a male quartet, and was always a leader among the young people of the place.

In politics Johnson was first a Republican, but he became a convert to the Democratic party on the issue of tariff revision, and when in 1886 the stockholders of the St. Peter Herald wanted a Democratic editor, they selected the young dispenser of drugs. He was not a writer, but he was wide-awake, he knew the people, and they knew he had "a good head on him." Another man

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had to look after the mechanical side of the newspaper, but John A. Johnson made a successful editor from the start. Naturally, he was more active than ever in local affairs. He managed the county fair, got up lecture courses, joined the National Guard and rose to be Captain of the local company. Of course he took a hand in politics. He could "spellbind" a little then, for as a boy he practiced oratory in secret places. In 1894 the Democrats of the county nominated him for State Senator, but he was unable to overcome the Republican majority. He made more friends, however, and in 1898 fought a "second battle." He was elected.

The term embraced two regular sessions of the Legislature and one special session. He belonged to the minority, and did not aspire to leadership. Though everybody liked him, his colleagues never regarded him as a "heavy-weight." His tendency then was to be easy-going, and he certainly had not found himself or come to realize his powers.

In 1899 Minnesota had a Democratic Governor, John Lind, and Senator Johnson, till the last day of the session, was a supporter of his policies. On that last day he broke over. Anti-imperialists were agitating for the return of a Minnesota volunteer regiment from service against the Filipino insurgents. Governor Lind advocated the recall in a message, and a Democratic Senator brought the question up by a resolution. Every Republican opposed the resolution, and every Democrat but Johnson supported it.

"Deplorable as I believe this war to be," said Senator Johnson, "I for one believe that we should join together to uphold the hands of Government, regardless of the political color that may be lent to the situation. I believe the regiment should remain in the Philippines as long as the Stars and Stripes are liable to insult. If this be political treason, make the most of it."

During this same session there was a contest over a bill to increase the gross earnings tax on railways from three to four per cent. The bill was beaten in the Senate by one vote, but Johnson was consistently for it, and had the satisfaction of helping it to passage in 1901. Meanwhile, he was considered a good enough Democrat to present Governor Lind's name before the State Convention in 1900 for a second term nomination.

The Convention speech made a good impression, and so had Johnson's legislative record. These things and his Swedish parentage, a valuable political asset, attracted the attention of the slate-makers, so in 1902 there were a good many Democrats who wanted to run Johnson for Governor. But Governor Van Sant, Republican, was running for re-election on his "anti-merger" record, and Johnson read the sign wisely. He vetoed the use of his name, and escaped a fatal collision with an idea. Van Sant and his anti-merger crusade were indorsed by 62,000 plurality, the largest ever given a Governor up to that time.

Johnson tried for re-election to the Senate, but the Republicans put up another Johnson, and beat him. That defeat was great good fortune. Had he been elected Senator again, Johnson would not have been eligible to the office of Governor in 1904.

The Republican party in Minnesota was driven to schism in that year of 1904 by a bitter pre-convention fight. The railway interests supported R. C. Dunn, former State Auditor, who had openly defended the merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads. A barrel was tapped for Dunn, and he got control of the Convention from the Van Sant organization. Dunn disfranchised 113 delegates from Minneapolis, a high-handed proceeding that shocked the whole State. The anti-Dunn Republicans revolted.

The day after that Convention John A. Johnson stopped in St. Paul on his way north to deliver a Fourth of July oration. Here he met three Republicans, two of them old colleagues in the Senate, and one a newly elected Senator. They urged him to run for Governor as a Democrat, or even as an Independent, and in chorus declared that he would certainly be elected by the Republican voters of the State. Johnson treated the thing as a joke and made his escape, but other Republicans made the same

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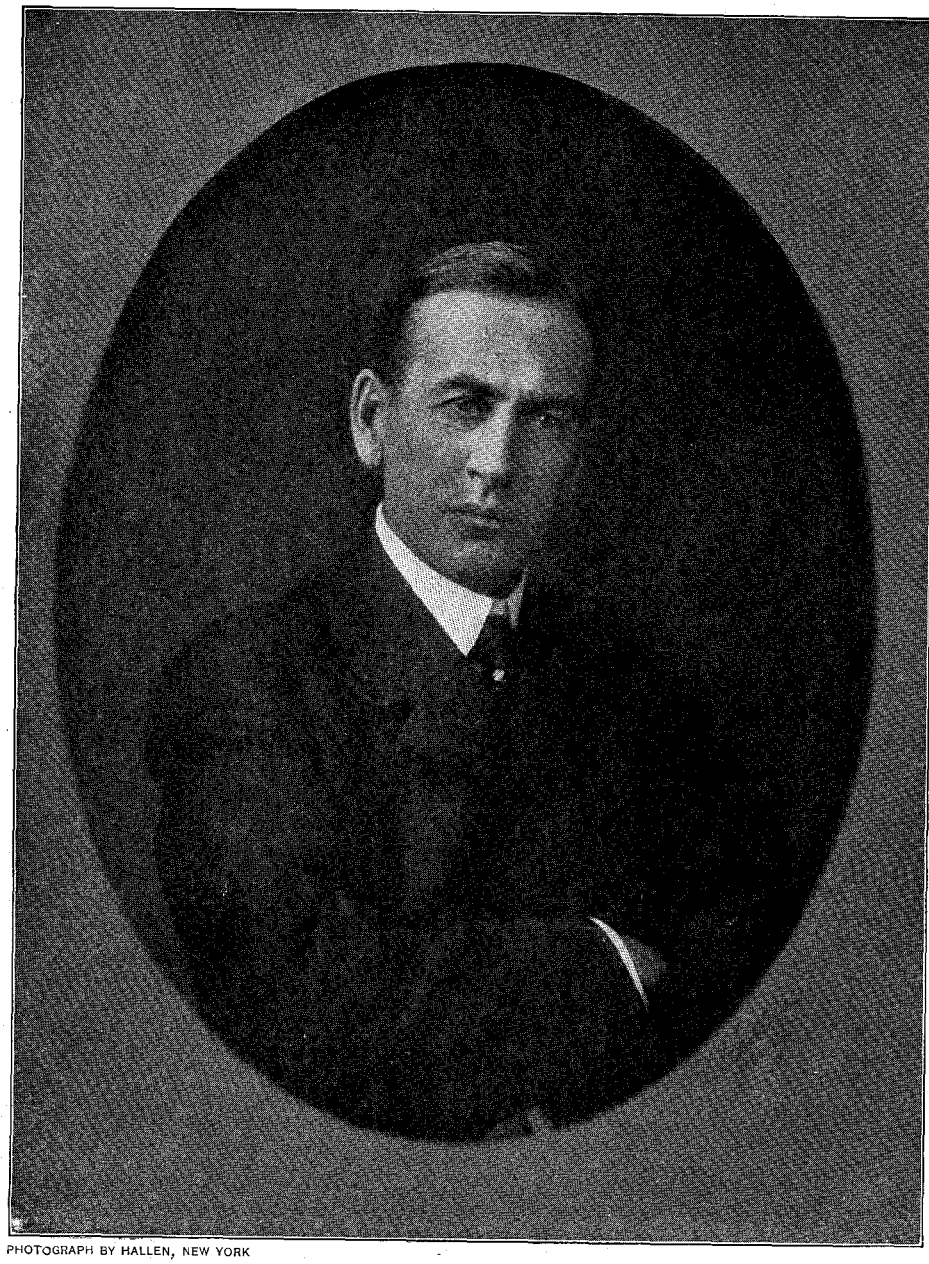

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALLEN, NEW YORK

GOVERNOR JOHNSON

appeal to him before he could leave St. Paul. Judging by the after records of those three Senators, they did not injure themselves by committing "political treason." One of them, H. J. Miller, of Luverne, came near a nomination for Congress in that same year. R. E. Thompson, of Preston, is now Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Central Committee. Adolph O. Eberhart, of Mankato, last of the trio, is now Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor.

Shortly after this a conference of State Democratic leaders was held in St. Paul. They saw some hope of success. After canvassing the whole situation they in-

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dorsed John A. Johnson, who was not present. That indorsement was published, and letters began to flood the editorial rooms of the St. Peter Herald, signed by Republicans of standing and influence, begging Johnson to accept.

Still he doubted the possibility of a victory. He had no money to spare for a political campaign, and native caution told him to keep out. He wrote some of his friends that he could not run. They still insisted, and the most urgent was Frank A. Day, of Fairmont, another editor. It was apparent now that the coming Convention would nominate Johnson unless he barred the gate.

One afternoon, Day, at Fairmont, got a telegram from Johnson, at St. Peter, saying, "I have just written a telegram to the St. Paul Globe which will make it impossible for me to accept the nomination." Day hurried to a telephone, reached Johnson at St. Peter, and induced him to hold the telegram pending a talk. Day came over on an evening train, and on the Johnson veranda they talked till three o'clock of a summer morning. Day prevailed, and Johnson did not send the telegram. He made his arrangements for a campaign of Minnesota.

Johnson was nominated by acclamation. He set a new mark in State campaigns that fall. In forty-two working days he made one hundred and three speeches, and reached all but ten counties of the eighty-four. Morning, afternoon, and night meetings were alternated with rough railway journeys. The pace was tremendous for any man, and Johnson was not fully recovered from a third operation for appendicitis. The cheering crowds sustained him with hopes of success, and at every town he made votes, while his opponent was losing them. He did not attack Dunn. The Republicans were attending to that, and Johnson devoted himself to making friends with the people.

Roosevelt carried Minnesota by 216,651 votes to 55,187 for Parker, or almost four to one. Yet Johnson, labeled the same as Parker, received 147,992 votes to 140,130 for his opponent. It was demonstrated in that election and in the next that party labels have ceased to cut much figure in Minnesota. Outside the office-holders, there are not many thick-and-thin party men to be found, and Johnson is one of the reasons for this new spirit of independent thinking. The direct primary law is another.

The new Governor began right by making high-grade appointments. His ambition was to get the best men and make records for efficiency in every department. He has kept the standard up well. A large measure of the public confidence in the Governor has come from his success in selecting material for the public service.

Members from State institution towns used to be mainly local champions. Johnson in the Legislature had fought for the St. Peter Insane Hospital, and had opposed the Central Board of Control idea. In the thick of this fight he helped to saddle the State University with the suzerainty of the new Board. Yet as Governor he stood for the Board of Control and its non-partisan plan, protecting its members from political influence. The University was set free once more, with his full approval, and put into the exclusive hands of its own Board of Regents.

Johnson's attitude toward the University was guessed at for a while. He was a Regent *ex officio*, and by appointments was able to control the Board almost from the start. There was some nervousness around the campus. The Governor said nothing till he had attended one or two meetings of the Regents. He made up his mind that there was too much interference by Regents in the internal affairs of the institution. One day at the capitol he asked President Northrop into his private office.

"I wanted to tell you," he said, "that I am a friend of the University and I want to be a friend of yours. I want to help as far as I can toward the success of the University. You are its President, and you can count on me to stand by you in everything. I don't want anybody else to be President while you are in that position. If the time comes when I think you are not the man for the place, I will tell you before I tell any one else. Meanwhile I want you to count on me, and to call on me any time you need support."

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The atmosphere was cleared. They shook hands on the proposition, and ever since have been firm friends. As for the University, politics is still rigidly banished from its affairs.

Governor Johnson has rather set a new mark in attending to such duties as the regency and membership in other State boards. He has never given perfunctory service. He attends nearly every meeting, stays from first to last, knows what is going on, and takes an active hand, not as a governor or an overlord, but as a member like the rest of his associates.

In his dealings with the Legislature Johnson has never been dogmatic. He has firm ideas about executive encroachment, and has never forced matters on legislative attention. Both Legislatures have been about three-fourths Republican, but relations have been pleasant. The majority paid little attention to the Governor's first inaugural. Some of his recommendations went through, as a "wide-open" tax amendment to the Constitution, an inheritance tax bill, an act placing the State Insurance Department on a salary basis, and improvement of the laws against timber trespass. The proposals of a State immigration bureau and a separate training-school for delinquent girls were not acted on till two years later. His personal platform in the message included these ideas, either rejected or ignored: A four-year term for Governors, with one-term limit; reduced freight rates, abolition of railway passes, an employers' liability law, a liberal forestry policy, and a non-partisan judiciary law.

Early in this first term a crisis was reached in the affairs of a large Minnesota life insurance company. Examiners had found mismanagement of a criminal nature. On a statement by Insurance Commissioner O'Brien, the officers of the company were summoned to the capitol by the Governor himself. The tale of their misconduct was related to them and their resignations demanded. They resigned, and a committee of Minneapolis business men, at the Governor's request, took charge of the concern. They arranged a reorganization, under which the company has been restored to public confidence. One of the officials who resigned is in State prison, and another was convicted, but escaped through the meshes of the law.

Johnson's leadership in the movement for uniform State laws on life insurance has been generally acknowledged, notably in a special message by President Roosevelt to Congress. It was upon Governor Johnson's suggestion to the President that the Commissioner of the District of Columbia called a National meeting of Governors, attorneys-general, and insurance commissioners. This body selected a committee of fifteen, headed by Mr. O'Brien, of Minnesota. The committee's output was a model code of laws regulating life insurance, which has been adopted almost entirely by Minnesota, and with little change by Illinois, Michigan, West Virginia, and North Dakota.

It must not be supposed that Governor Johnson has been the only progressive force in the State since his inauguration. The radical Republicans kave kept pace with him. He has often acknowledged the co-operation of other State officials. Republican members of the Legislature during his first term fought for a two-cent fare law and a reciprocal demurrage law, both of which the Governor recommended at the next session. In the last year there has been a great awakening for law enforcement in the State, resulting in Sunday closing of saloons everywhere. In this movement the Governor was not a necessary factor and had no part.

The second State campaign for John A. Johnson was in 1906. The Republicans had difficulty in agreeing on a candidate. The man with largest following in their convention was feared by the corporations, who threw votes to a less "dangerous" man and nominated him. Though the nominee was not a corporation man, he was branded as such from the start, and the growing radical sentiment in the Republican party was sullenly hostile to him.

Johnson made another whirlwind campaign. He eclipsed his previous record, making 119 speeches in seven weeks, and reaching 78 counties of the State. As in the first campaign, he paid his fare for every mile traveled, and twice when

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special trains were required he paid handsomely for them. The entire tour was an ovation, and the outcome was hardly in doubt at any time, yet the result made the most sanguine Johnson men gasp. He polled 168,480 votes to 96,162 for Cole, Republican—a plurality of 72,318. The other Republican candidates were elected by pluralities reaching as high as 84,754 on attorney-general.

Though the new Legislature was almost as strongly Republican as its predecessor, and the Governor still refused to urge legislation aside from the declarations of the biennial message, there was a difference. The measures bearing the Governor's indorsement got a more considerate reception. Railway legislation could not be headed off, as both parties had declared for it, and members had made campaign pledges to pass the reform measures. Measures recommended and adopted were as follows:

A maximum schedule of freight rates.
A two-cent passenger fare law.
Abolition of railway passes and franks.
Reciprocal demurrage law.
Increased taxation for sleeping-car companies.
Permanent Tax Commission with wide powers.
Registry tax on real estate mortgages.
Uniform life insurance laws.
Abolition of private banks.
A "Mueller Law" to facilitate municipal ownership.
Increased State drainage operations.
Better salaries for the State University faculty.

This made a good grist for a single session. The permanent Tax Commission is a vastly important institution. Johnson named on this Commission one Republican, one Democrat, and one university professor—all men of ability and special fitness. The announcement of their names was met with a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm in each house of the Legislature. In less than a year they have justified their selection by adding $112,000,000 to the assessed values of iron properties.

The Governor had some other suggestions in that message that are of value as showing his personal platform. They included the taxation of iron lands on a royalty basis, a license tax on foreign corporations, investigation of lumber trusts, employers' liability law, uniform divorce law, the initiative and referendum, and the registration of lobbyists.

Last summer a strike of sixteen thousand foreign workmen in the iron mines of northern Minnesota threatened trouble. They were a branch of the Western Federation of Miners—the Moyer and Haywood League—and at the head was Teofilo Petriella, an Italian Socialist from Colorado. Mining officials and business men feared an outbreak by the ignorant aliens. Strike leaders insisted that they would keep the peace, but felt that the situation was on a hair-trigger. Mining officials appealed to the Governor for military protection.

Governor Johnson does not rush into trouble because he likes it, but he decided to get his information about the "range" at first hand. He went there, stopping in Duluth on the way. He met the steel company officials, heard their report, and got their promise to avoid trouble with the strikers. He hired from them a special train which took him by night to Hibbing, the headquarters of the strikers' organization. In the morning he walked up the main street of Hibbing, and asked for the office of "Mr. Petriella." A local newspaper man was the willing guide. The Governor introduced himself to the strike leader, sat down with him, and had a heart-to-heart talk. Petriella made promises of peace, and the Governor gave him clearly to understand that any disturbances would mean sending the National Guard to the scene. Then the local authorities and mine superintendents were conferred with and admonished.

Two other towns were visited, and the Governor met strikers, mine bosses, and local officials. At Eveleth they wanted a speech. He told the crowd what he had come for, and urged everybody to keep cool. He told them that the men had a right to quit work, a right to organize, and to persuade others to quit work; but if any man wanted to work, no one had the right to prevent him, and the State, if necessary, would protect men in their right to work.

That night the Governor returned to St. Paul. Soon after some overzealous deputies dispersed a meeting of strikers

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in their own hall. The miners justly complained, and began marching in long, ominous-looking columns. Governor Johnson issued a proclamation to all concerned. It declared, first, the right of all persons to hold peaceable meetings without interference, and with the protection of public officials. It called on the strikers to cease marching in large bodies, as tending to disturb the public peace. It also warned them against trespass on private property, and declared that any violation of these directions would result in the despatch of troops. There was no more trouble of any consequence.

It would have been easy to make a mistake in such a crisis, as Governors before have found to their sorrow, but Johnson made no false step. His handling of men was masterly, and he used good common sense. He has never been given credit for statesmanlike qualities. There is nothing mysterious or profound about him. He is even accused of being superficial. Yet his path in office is not marked by failures. He seems to be equal to each occasion as it arises. Unquestionably he has developed in three years as Governor. His public addresses are no longer sophomoric. He has gained in poise and dignity. He is naturally adaptable to circumstances, and graces distinguished company as he used to the levees and routs of St. Peter. The deep lines in his face and forehead have grown deeper the while, and his whole cast is more thoughtful. Yet there is no suggestion of pretense at any time. He is nothing if not genuine. He has been endeavoring to grow with the broadening of his horizon, and no one can say how far the man's future development may reach.

Without detracting from his mental attainments, it may be said that the real key to John A. Johnson's success is personal charm, which gets and holds for him the regard of everybody. It is significant that men never turn upon him and blame him for their political wrongs. They have a grievance against some of his lieutenants, but they want it understood that Johnson is all right. They want to like him, and it is because he likes people. He is interested in all that people do. Nothing human is alien to him. He enjoys so many things, as music, baseball, football, the theater, travel, hunting, fishing, and, above all, friends. He has a cordiality for all that never seems affected. To shake hands with him is to like him.

It is the same with an audience. Their first greeting is answered by a broad, friendly smile that radiates good fellowship and thaws out any lingering chill. He wins them before he opens his mouth. His speech is rapid, fluent, and often headlong like a cataract, not always eloquent, but always convincing. He gives the impression of a man much in earnest without being a zealot. The mass of the people feel a confidence in him that is almost unshakable.

Is Johnson radical? Yes and no. He has a record as an advocate of many measures, but, as a rule, the changes he has favored have had to be put in force by others. As Governor he has been a sort of spokesman for the people, proclaiming their belief in measures which have been worked out by legislatures, railway commissioners, or attorneys-general. He has been radical in speech, but more conservative and constructive in action. The conference for uniform insurance laws was a constructive idea, and as sponsor for the State's first permanent Tax Commission he has beyond any question taken the lead in a great reform.

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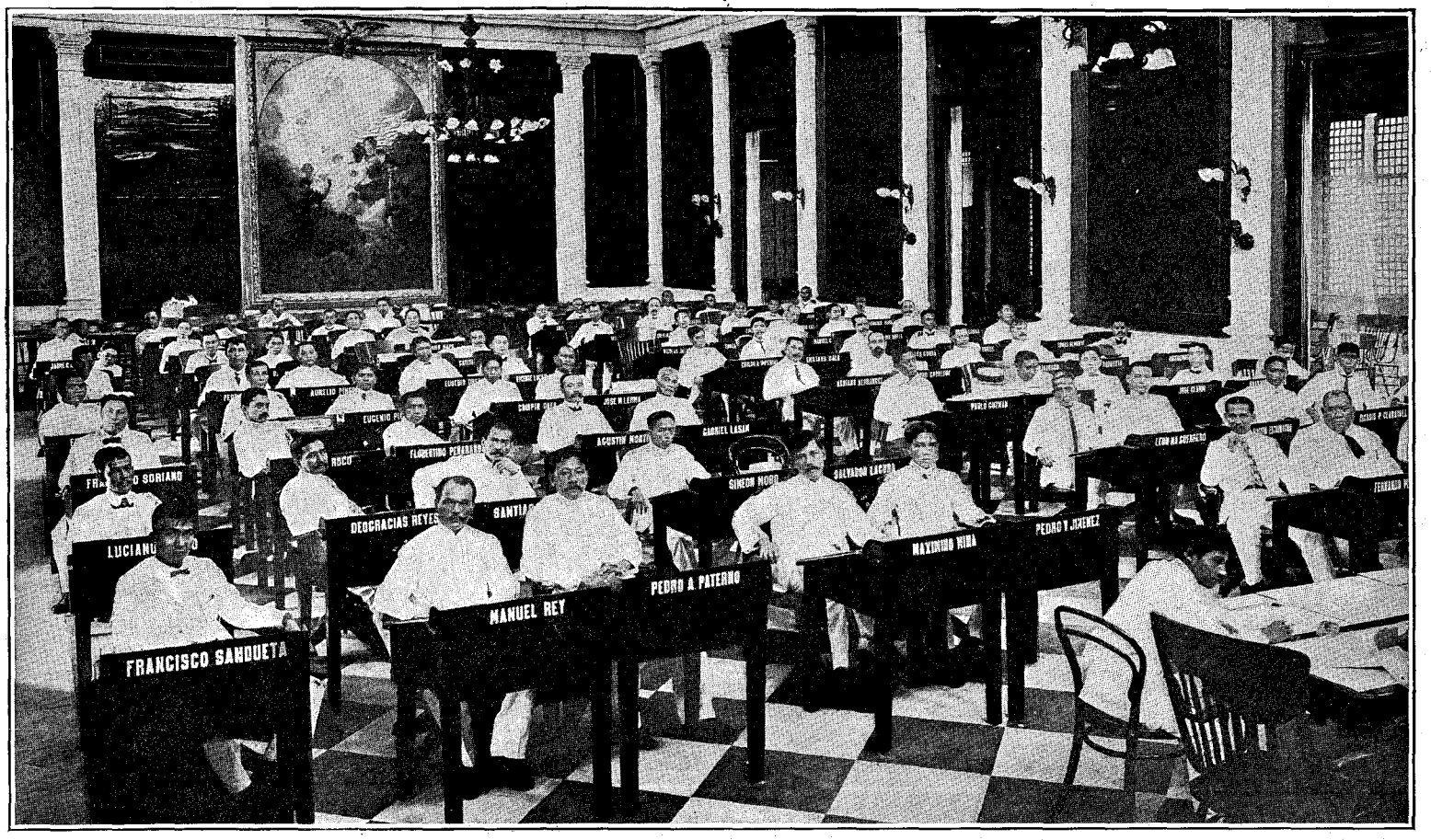

THE FIRST PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY IN SESSION

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THE FIRST PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY

BY G. H. BLAKESLEE

THE Philippine Assembly marks an epoch in the government of dependencies. It is the first time that a sovereign nation has ever granted a full share in legislation to any subject people in the East. The experiment, which was laughed at by the older Colonial Powers and distrusted by most of the Americans in the islands, already has been sufficiently successful to exceed the expectations of those who planned it.

The elections for Assemblymen were probably conducted fully as orderly and as honestly as are those in the United States, yet it frequently has been stated that they did not express the real feelings of the Filipinos. As proof of this it is pointed out that a very small per cent of the people were sufficiently interested in them to take the trouble to register and vote.

Such a statement is misleading, for the suffrage in the Philippines is stringently limited. Those qualified must have held some public office under the Spanish Government, or be possessed of two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property, or pay taxes to the amount of thirty dollars—large sums for the Filipinos—or be able to speak, read, and write either Spanish or English. In the elections which were held two years ago for local offices the total number of those who registered was 143,000, of whom 130,000 voted. In the elections for the Assembly 104,966 persons registered, and of these 100,493 voted—an unusually large proportion. The chief reason, probably, why these numbers were so small is to be found in the fact that the period for registration, which in 1905 was fifteen days, was this year limited to four. This was not thoroughly understood in the Provinces, so that a considerable proportion of those who would have registered were unable to do so. There were some, however, who did not register, either because they were too indifferent or else because they disapproved of the plan of having an Assembly; but these were too few to affect seriously the result at the polls. It can be stated with considerable assurance that the election was a fair expression of the desires of the Filipino people at the time. Had the franchise been more extended, it would, of course, have increased the vote of the majority who wish for an early recognition of independence, for the avowed supporters of the American policy are limited very largely to the small class which now has the suffrage.

The election shows clearly that there is no absorbing popular passion for immediate independence. Had this existed, the people would have been informed regarding the shortening of the registration period, for the law was posted in all the Provinces; all indifference would have disappeared; the thirty or forty no-party candidates would have been forced definitely to commit themselves, during the campaign, either for or against immediate independence; and at the polls a vote of at least a hundred and fifty thousand would have been cast.

The only thing which the election does prove positively is that the majority are unwilling to vote for Progresista, or Government, candidates, and so indorse the policy of the American Administration, for they consider that it is too indefinite, and they fear that, if independence is not soon promised them absolutely, it may never be granted at all.

The eighty Assemblymen who are now meeting in the Marble Hall of the Ayuntamiento at Manila are doubtless better representatives of the Filipino people than are the members of American State Legislatures of their American constituents. As a class, they belong to the best families of the islands, are educated, experienced, and well-to-do. More than half of them are attorneys;

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thirteen are journalists; eight have been university professors in such higher departments as law or medicine.

Most of the members have already held public office. Nine have been Provincial Governors under the American Administration, and several others Provincial Attorneys. About half have held either civil or military positions in the Philippine revolutionary government. Nearly all have taken work in some one of the Manila colleges, while about two-thirds have completed more advanced study in law, medicine, or theology. Two or three have studied in Spain. Six have traveled in the United States, one of whom, Emiliano Gala, is a recent graduate of the Law School of the University of Michigan. All but ten or a dozen are men of property. A few of them, like Mr. Singson, the leader of the Progresistas, are large estate owners and have devoted themselves to the scientific study of farming.

Of the eighty Assemblymen possibly ten are not really first-class choices; three have bad public records, one of whom is the famous Dominador Gomez; but, in general, this first Philippine Assembly is representative of the best elements of Filipino life.

When an American first sees the members in session, he is impressed by their youthful appearance, for their average age is only about thirty-five, and most of the leaders are even younger than this. He notices the further fact that many have considerable Spanish or Chinese blood. The Chinese, it should be added, have been in the islands for hundreds of years, and belong to the well-to-do, intelligent merchant class. While about three-fifths of the Assemblymen are of practically pure Filipino stock, the two-fifths who have a mixed ancestry include the great majority of the prominent members. About twenty are partly Spanish, some of them being fully half Spanish. (In the photograph of the Assembly it is easy to recognize the European appearance of such members as Paterno, Rey and Reyés.) There are seven who are in part Chinese. (Mr. Singson's portrait shows distinct Chinese characteristics.) The Filipino race, as a whole, has been very little affected by intermarriage with Spanish or Chinese, but the ruling old families have considerable foreign blood.

According to parties, the Assembly contains sixteen Progresistas, or avowed supporters of the Government; thirty-two Nacionalistas, whose organization, as the name suggests, is founded upon the idea that the Filipino people form a distinct nation, that they are capable of self-government, and should be granted independence at an early date; seven Inmediatistas, who wish independence instantly; four Independistas; one Catholic; and twenty independent or no-party members. The Nacionalistas, Inmediatistas, and Independistas are practically different groups of the same party.

There is only one real political issue; this relates to the time and the manner of obtaining independence. All agree that eventually the Philippines are to be independent, at least as much so as are Canada and Australia. The Progresistas maintain, however, that the Filipinos are not yet fully prepared for this step, and must develop "progressively," under American leadership, until the Government shall see fit to graduate them from their political schooling. Secretary Taft has said that "this process of political preparation" is likely to "take considerably longer than a generation." All other parties and groups, together with the majority of the no-party members, insist that the Filipinos should be granted full political freedom at a relatively early date.

Party lines are not drawn as tightly as in the United States. Even in regard to the question of independence there are Progresistas who believe that the islands will be ready for self-government in considerably less than the length of time suggested by Secretary Taft; on the other hand, several of the Nacionalistas are not anxious for instant independence, while a very large proportion of them would hesitate to accept it at present unless they foresaw a reasonable prospect that the islands could obtain protection by the United States or a neutrality guaranteed by the Powers. On all other matters there are practically no party divisions in the Assembly; questions are discussed simply on their merits, not as party issues.

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Of the prominent members of the Assembly, the Speaker, Sergio Osmeña, is by far the ablest and the most influential. He is but twenty-nine years of age, yet has already been Governor of Cebu, where, under most difficult circumstances, he made an unusually successful administration. In the Assembly he was elected Speaker by acclamation. He has in a degree the same rare union of qualities which marked Henry Clay, America's distinguished boy Speaker—a wonderful charm of personality and grace of bearing tempering the dignity of the presiding officer and the force of the executive. He is a convincing speaker, is clear-sighted in judgment, and by disposition strongly averse to rash or violent means or measures. His integrity is above suspicion, and while he has the confidence of the Government, he is the dominant influence in the Assembly.

The man of next greatest ability is, perhaps, Vicente Singson Encarnacion, the Assembly leader of the Progresistas. He and Osmeña were classmates in the law school of Santo Tomás and friendly rivals for university honors. Mr. Singson, besides managing his large estate, has been a successful Provincial Attorney for several years. Of the defeat of the Progresistas Mr. Singson recently said: "The people followed their hearts rather than their heads in the last election; they expressed what they wished rather than what was wise." The people, he considers, are not now ready for independence, not so much because they do not have enough able men to fill the higher positions as because the mass of

SERGIO OSMEÑA

Speaker of the Assembly and its ablest and most influential member

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them have not yet learned to know their political rights. They are afraid to complain against official abuse and oppression. When the nation shall be ready for independence, Mr. Singson believes that it will choose to remain a protectorate of the United States.

Manuel Queson is the Chairman of the most important committee in the Assembly, that of Ways and Means and Appropriations. He was a major in the revolutionary army, and after peace was brought about was first Provincial Attorney and later Provincial Governor. He is one of the most successful debaters in the Assembly. A friend and political associate of the Speaker, he advocates the same moderate policy, and very largely the same measures. Mr. Queson says that when independence shall be granted, which he believes should be at an early date, the Filipinos will have practically only a choice between an American protectorate and neutralization by the Powers. Personally he would favor a protectorate.

Jaime C. de Veyra, who is also a close political friend of Mr. Osmeña, is another of the younger leaders of the Assembly. Up to the time of his election as Governor of Leyte in 1905 he was considered by many of the American authorities as a revolutionary firebrand, but he has since become a strong advocate of moderate measures. Governor de Veyra says that the Filipinos realize that the Assembly is a political training-school given them by the United States, and that they intend to demonstrate their capacity for self-government by their success in passing actual legislation of benefit to the country.

The leaders of the small group of Radicals among the Nacionalistas are Alberto Barretto and Fernando Ma. Guerrero. They stand for vigorous legislative action in regard to independence. Guerrero is a talented young journalist, to whose ability it is largely due that El Renaciemento, the aggressively patriotic Manila daily of which he is editor, has become the most popular and most influential paper in the Philippines. Mr. Barretto is largely of European descent. He filled positions of some importance under the Spanish régime, and played no small part in the subsequent revolutionary government. He is a well-to-do lawyer of integrity and excellent ability. Mr. Barretto wishes for immediate, unconditioned independence.

The best-known and most talked of man in the Assembly is Dr. Dominador Gomez. He is of mixed Filipino, Spanish, and Chinese blood. After receiving his education in Spain, he entered the medical corps of the Spanish army, and finally rose to the rank of captain. In 1901 he resigned his commission and returned to the Philippines. In the elections for the Assembly Gomez carried one of the two Manila districts after an unusually exciting and spectacular campaign. He has a bad record, though the authorities have failed in every effort to convict him of crime. Besides being by far the most eloquent speaker in the Philippines, he is one of the shrewdest and ablest men in the Assembly, and has further a great hold on the mass of the people.

Notwithstanding Dr. Gomez's violent campaigning, and the general impression that he will be a revolutionist in the Assembly, and the fact that the American community, as a whole, distrust and fear him, it is, without any manner of doubt, true that he is decidedly more moderate than the group led by Barretto and Guerrero.

Before the Assembly met it was a very general feeling among the Americans in the islands that it would be a failure, a mere plaything for demagogues like Gomez. Hardly one out of ten really sympathized with it, while the great majority spoke of it with distrust, dislike, and contempt. But now that it has been in session for some time, it is generally conceded that it has acted wisely and moderately.

The first measure which was passed was a resolution thanking the President of the United States and the American Congress for the grant of a national Assembly to the Filipino people. The next measure—and it should be emphasized in judging the character of this body—was one which placed the clerical positions of the Assembly under the rules of the Civil Service. This self-

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denying ordinance, which prevents the members from paying off political debts by petty appointments, was not passed at the wish of the American Administration, but simply because the Assembly itself saw the wisdom of it.

In regard to future legislation, the general aim of the Assemblymen is to cut down the expenses of the Administration, if possible, by reducing salaries and eliminating or consolidating bureaus, and to spend the money thus saved upon schools, public works, including roads, and the building up of agriculture. It is very probable that the first bill to be passed will be one appropriating half a million dollars for the erection of country school-houses. In order to help the deplorable agricultural situation, the Assembly will undoubtedly petition Congress for the repeal or at least reduction of the United States duties upon Philippine sugar and tobacco. It will, further, do what is possible to bring about the establishment of an agricuitural bank which can loan money to the planters at reasonable interest on mortgages upon their land.

It is possible that a petition may be passed asking that the Moro country be represented in the Assembly and placed under its jurisdiction, for there is a more or less popular fear that the United States Government intends to separate the Moro islands, which form about one-third of the archipelago, from those occupied by the Christian Filipinos, and permanently keep them as an American colony.

Just before leaving Manila I asked Speaker Osmeña if he would be willing to give some expression of opinion in regard to the Assembly which might be quoted in the United States, and, after meditating a moment, he replied in substance: "It is no exaggeration to state that the present Assembly marks a new era in the history of the Philippines. The peace which has existed throughout these islands during the past couple of years has been due to the fact that the people were looking forward to the meeting of this national legislative body, which had been promised them by the United States. I believe that the period of war and of insurrection in the Philippines is now over forever. The grant of the Assembly has further had a great influence in overcoming the feeling of opposition to the American Government and suspicion of its motives, which were very general among the Filipinos a few years ago. Now we have come to trust the Government. As an evidence of this I may say that not a single bill presented to me as Speaker shows any unfriendliness towards the authorities. There is simply a difference of opinion between us and them in regard to the question of our ability to govern ourselves. The general aim of the Assembly is to pass such legislation that the United States will be convinced that we do have the necessary political capacity. We believe that when we shall have fully proven this, the American people will grant us our independence."

What future Assemblies may do or may be cannot, of course, be foretold. That they contain possibilities of failure and of danger is not to be denied; but the convoking of this Assembly has been decidedly successful. This has been due to the public spirit, restraint, and political ability of the Filipino leaders, and is a marked tribute to the fine optimism of American statesmanship, which dared to depart from the harsh rules of colonial government prescribed by all other nations, and for the first time in history trust a subject Oriental people with a real share in legislation, and a part in the problem of self-government.

VINCENTE SINGSON ENCARNACION
Leader in the Assembly of the Progresistas

Yokohoma, Japan.

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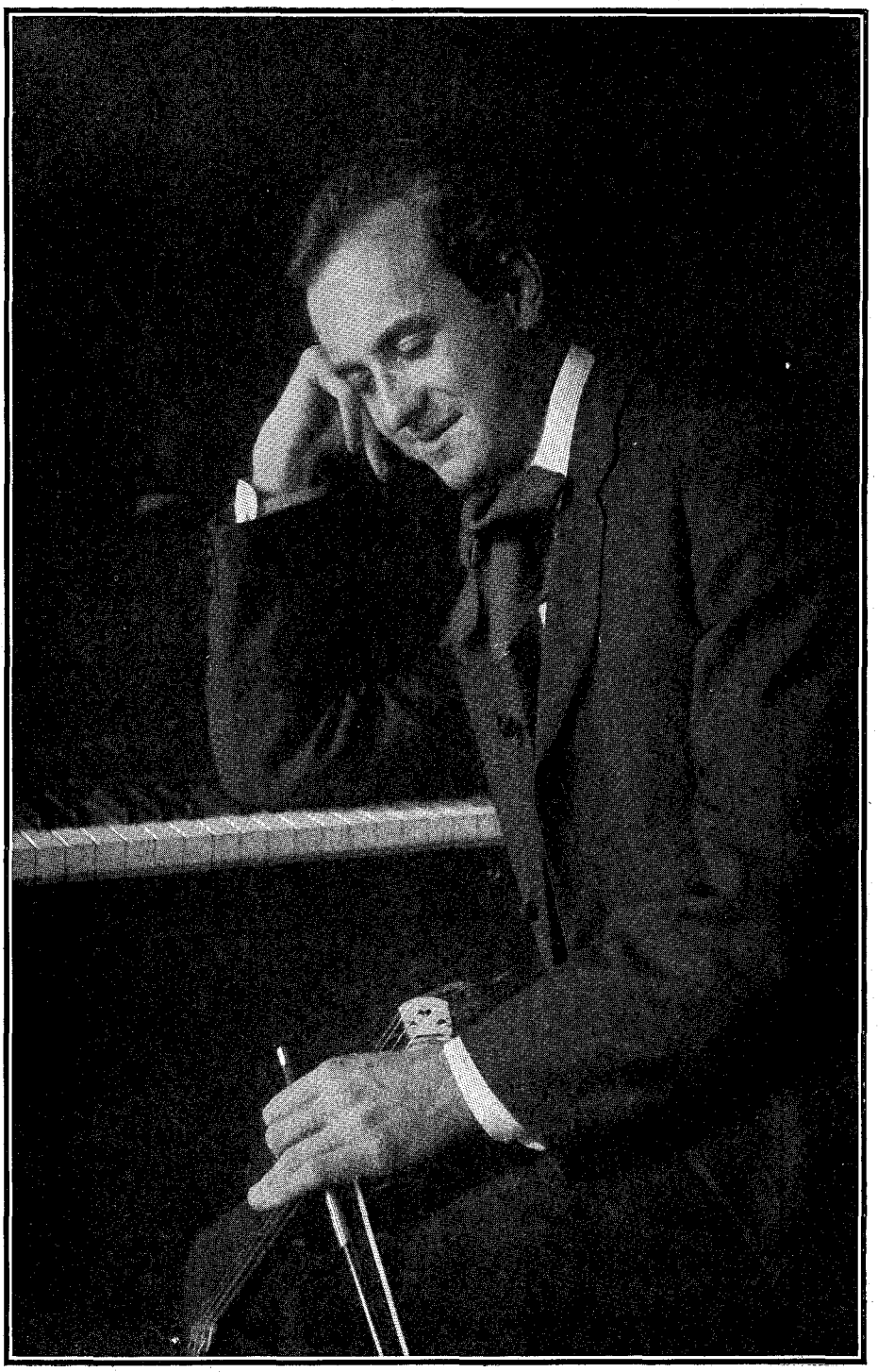

PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGGINS, NEW YORK

EDWIN GRASSE

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A BLIND OPTIMIST

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

THIS is a story of what the blind may accomplish in music. Not only is Edwin Grasse the first blind man to become a violin virtuoso, but Eugene Ysaye places him among the greatest violinists of his time. César Thompson calls him the best of all piano accompanists, and Grieg considered him one of the most promising of American composers.

The two most important events in Edwin Grasse's life occurred within a month of his birth in New York, August 13, 1884. For his violin teacher was engaged two weeks before he saw this world, and four weeks later the child ceased to see it.

At six months he showed discrimination in his fondness for music, and at two and a half years he began to sing. It was found then that he possessed "absolute pitch," that strange gift of recognizing the exact pitch of every musical note, and being able to sing in perfect tune. At three he learned a song of Rubinstein, and because he could not reach the highest note he cried softly to himself. But in fifteen minntes he began to sing again, and when he reached the high part he transposed it an octave lower.

A few months later he formed the curious temporary habit of singing "Thine Eyes So Blue and Tender" by Lassen, and Wagner's "Dreams," as accompaniments to his own dreams. His parents would go to his room, turn up the gas, and see the boy sound asleep in his crib, smiling and singing like a young cherub.

At three years his father first played a piano arrangement of the Beethoven violin concerto. "Mamma, isn't that lovely!" exclaimed the child. "That's by Beethoven." He had never heard it before, but recognized its similarity to some of the Beethoven sonatas and songs.

He stood in great awe of musical instruments, and was afraid to touch them; but at four his father set him on the piano stool and guided his fingers through a melody. A year later, at his first orchestral concert, he heard Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. And the next day he played the most important parts of it, to the great astonishment of Reinhold Herrman, the conductor of the Germania Liederkranz; and improvised such Beethoven-like connections between these passages that the German musician swore they seemed to be part of the symphony itself. Herrman tested his memory that afternoon, playing either the first note or a random bar of dozens of compositions which the little boy had heard, and Edwin always told him the name and key correctly.

His sense of humor developed with his musicianship. An enormous woman took him up one day, but he slipped from her knees. "Mrs. X, what's the matter?" he said; "haven't you any lap?" That same afternoon his piano teacher was explaining to him that a berceuse was a piece with which you put little people to sleep. Edwin played it through with a broadening smile. "Mr. X," he said, suddenly, "please go into the parlor and see whether your wife is already asleep."

In his sixth year he felt a violin for the first time when his teacher, Carl Hauser, put one into his lap, telling him it was a musical toy. When he found what it was, however, he jumped up in terror and let it fall. But his awe was overcome little by little, and he began to take regular lessons. It was a heroic task for the blind boy to learn correct positions, but his courage and patience were equal to the devotion of his teacher.

At seven Edwin began to compose little pieces for piano and organ, and Mr. Hauser started to teach him harmony. It was quite needless. For Edwin no sooner heard a rule than he went to the piano and played exceptions to it taken from the whole range of the classics. The child of seven had been analyzing all that he had heard and

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developing his own systems of harmony and counterpoint.

In spite of his precocity, Edwin had a happy, normal childhood. The boys of the neighborhood always visited him after school, and he joined their games on condition that they play "orchestra" with him afterward. When they were gone, he would still play his favorite game, doing all the piano part with his left hand, the cymbals with one foot, the drum with the other, conducting with his right hand, and imitating the oboe or French horn very realistically with his voice. Wrong notes would occur, as they do in the best-regulated orchestras. Then he would rap furiously with his baton and bring the offending musician up with a round turn, hurling at him such genuine German invective as "swine-hound!" or "thunder-weather!" Sometimes, fluttering his right fingers on his upper lip, he would imitate the vibrato of a bad soprano, and then lead her from the stage amidst the plaudits of the throng.

His knack of imitating wind instruments has lasted and is sometimes useful. I remember that when he was preparing the Brahms horn trio last winter for one of his recitals, Dutschke, the hornist, missed a rehearsal. But Grasse, while playing the violin, supplied the horn part so perfectly with his voice as to deceive people in the next room.

At thirteen, when he made his New York *début* before going abroad, his chief thought was for his dog Sultan, one of his dearest friends. For Dr. Grasse had promised the boy that if he played well he might take the dog abroad with him. An orchestra gave the first performance of his "Symphonic Sketches," and he played, among other things, two movements from the Mendelssohn concerto. But while the enthusiastic audience was still applauding, Edwin raised himself on tiptoe toward his father's chin and asked eagerly, "Well, papa, can he go?" Sultan went, only to meet his fate beneath a Belgian trolley-car.

The boy went to study with César Thompson, the great Belgian violinist, and a year later was admitted to the Brussels Conservatory. Thompson had never had a blind pupil, and was skeptical at first, giving him all sorts of difficult problems in technic, in order to prove whether the eye were essential. But Edwin solved every one, and soon became the master's favorite. After a year he took part in the first public competition for honors. Besides a flawless violin performance, he played all the piano accompaniments for his competitors, cueing in their parts when they forgot them, improvising accompaniments when they, in their nervousness, jumped from one étude to another, skipping with them when they omitted whole passages, and sticking to them in every extremity. The jury were following the score, and they were so astonished that they stood up and craned their necks to see who the little fellow was, sitting there beneath the lid of the great piano. One of them, Edgar Tinell, the first musician in Belgium, declared it the most magnificent exhibition of musicianship that he had ever known. The boy won the first prize "with distinction."

He intended to study the classical répertoire with some German violinist after graduation, and requested Joachim to hear him play. The old master refused, saying that no blind person could ever master the violin. But he relented, and Grasse, in a vacation, went over to Berlin. Joachim sat in a corner reading the paper and looking very bored as Grasse tuned his wonderful Stradivarius. But after a few measures of a Bruch concerto the paper was lowered, at the end of the phrase it fell to the floor, and when the movement was over the old man congratulated the blind boy with all the warmth of his German heart, advising him not to study with any master after Thompson, as his technic was quite sufficient, and in further study he would only lose his own vivid individuality.

"My dear young man," exclaimed the master, "you are by nature gifted far more than most musicians, and need no further school but the school of public performance!"

Then Grasse played Joachim's own Variations. The master applauded, and said: "It is the first time I hear that

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played with any other conception than my own. This is quite new. But go on, I beg, and always play it in your own way. That is very beautiful, also."

For his final examination at Brussels, Grasse prepared a répertoire of sixty-four larger violin works as well as the first violin parts of a number of string quartets. The jury chose four of these for performance, and awarded him the Diplôme de Capacité, an honor won by no one besides Grasse during the last ten years.

On the advice of Joachim he made his début in Berlin at the age of eighteen, and scored a charming success in that cynical city. Such musical centers as Leipsic, Munich, Vienna, and London gave the young virtuoso a hearty welcome, and he returned to Berlin to duplicate his former success in another field, appearing as a chamber musician with the pianist Otto Hegner.

At nineteen he returned to New York and made a brilliant début with the Wetzler Orchestra. It was the first time that three large violin works with orchestra had ever been successfully given on the same programme in America, and the critics were as enthusiastic as the audience.

Since that evening, however, Grasse has been heard strangely little except in chamber music. This, I think, is due to the same American indifference to American musicians that resulted so sadly in the case of Edward Macdowell; to the suspicious fact that no blind person has ever before become a violin virtuoso; to Grasse's lack of any considerable financial backing; and to his unworldly ignorance of the jungle of deceit, bribery, and blackmail in the musical underworld.

But though his lack of an American hearing as a virtuoso was a disappointment to Grasse, it never shook his buoyant optimism nor marred his happiness. And his friends feel that it was providential. For while increasing his technic by tremendous practice, he has gained time for composition, and his four years at home have been productive ones.

His works include a quintet for piano and strings which has twice been warmly received at his New York recitals, an orchestral suite, a violin concerto, a suite for piano and violin, and smaller pieces. But his latest work, a trio in C for piano and strings, shows an amazing growth; and I know nothing in the literature of American chamber music that can compare with this trio in organic unity, in melodic and harmonic beauty, in instrumentation, in originality, and in the sheer joy of life. The lad of twenty-three has already ripened into a mature creative musician.

Just as he invented his own system of harmony, he has created his own method of composition. At first his ideas came to him while improvising at the piano, and he made notes of the principal themes of a composition on his point print slate in a notation of his own. Then, with an occasional reference to these, he would dictate the work to his old teacher, Carl Hauser, or to Mrs. Hauser, while sitting at the piano and playing what he was dictating. If it were a trio, he would do the left hand of the piano for a page or two, then the right hand, then the 'cello and the violin parts.

But of late he has cast aside all aids to his marvelous memory. He composes now away from the piano, and last winter he dictated his trio without having made a single note on his slate. He is now composing simultaneously, and in the same independent way, two trios, a concerto, a suite for violin solo, and a symphony.

His method of learning music is almost as remarkable. After hearing an ordinary orchestral work once he remembers the melody, harmony, and instrumentation all his life, and never has to hear any piece more than three times. In learning a trio he has his father play the violin part through first on the piano, then the 'cello and piano parts together. And at a single sitting he can master every note and every shade of expression in a work that requires half an hour for performance—master it so that he can play the piano part with all its nuances and advise with the 'cellist on questions of fingering and bowing.

Grasse's great ambition is to be such a musician that people will lose sight of his blindness. He will not allow him-

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self to be advertised as "The Blind Violinist;" for he desires no handicap in the race, and it is his greatest joy and pride that the critics have almost ceased to mention his eyes.

"First of all," he said to me, "comes my violin, and I would never sacrifice my technic for composition like d'Albert; because it's a greater pleasure to play the beautiful things of others than to make music of my own. I compose because I *have* to. The ideas are in here [tapping his forehead], and must come out."

I asked him about the order in which his ideas came.

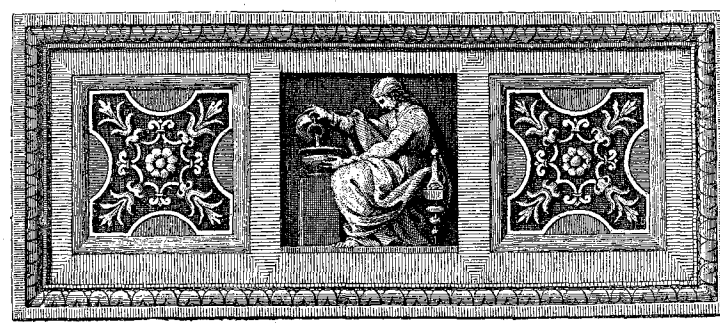
"No, I don't get my melody first, for as soon as I am aware of the melody, the harmony and the development are there all at once."

Edwin Grasse is the happiest person I know. I firmly believe him when he says that he has never in his life known what it is to be annoyed. And although he is so highly strung that he can distinguish ten varieties of vibrato to my two, and a hundred subtleties of tone-color to my ten, his nerves seem perfectly normal and indifferent to the ordinary irritants of genius.

"How is it that you take such a zest in life?" I once asked him.

"Why, the mere pleasure of breathing would be enough," he returned. "But then, too, I revel in music, the German language, mountain air, and good meals—(I enjoy every mouthful!). I love swimming and rowing too, and horseback-riding, the smell of the forest and the voices of birds. I think that one of the very best things of all is for a fellow to wake up in the morning and just feel that he's here. I want to live to be a hundred!"

I know no better specific for a blue Monday than a visit to Grasse. It seems as though there were enough uproarious spirits and humor and healthy optimism in that blind boy to brighten up a whole city-full of jaundiced eyes. And I am thankful that he has overcome so many difficulties and has written his music. For he has put into it the joy, the beauty, and the sparkling sanity of his own life. It is music that will live.



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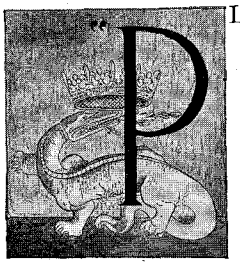
The Pleasant Land of France

Vagabond Glimpses of Two Old Provinces

By Harold and Madeline Howland

First Paper



"PLEUT-IL toujours en Touraine?" inquired M'dame[1] half-ironically as the high-wheeled cart jogged meditatively under the April sky (albeit the month was June) toward Chambord. "Ah, oui, M'dame," was the frank reply of Jean, the garçon who "conducted" the sturdy little horse, with that indescribable inflection that is so encouraging and so complimentary to your intelligence when the reply is in the affirmative, so depressing when "Ah, non" seems to convict you of stupidity or presumption. "It rains all the days in Touraine. We have perhaps thirty clear days in the year, we others."

So our first impression received confirmation from a source of high authority. The impression had been born, as a suspicion, when we awoke in Orléans to a morning gray and tearful. Our little canoe, after a journey of three thousand miles from his native State of Maine, lay in his traveling suit of burlap lined with hay, and wooden crate, at the office of la Grande Vitesse. His orders were to report himself at ten o'clock, ready to be launched upon the river, and to bear us on our little journey down the Loire, among the châteaux of Old Touraine.

The steady drizzle gave promise of persistence. The problem of protecting the occupants of both ends of a canoe with a single umbrella, to say nothing of permitting them to paddle, seemed insoluble. But the ready wit of M'dame, who does not like to be balked by the weather, found a way. Our bird's-eye view of the street revealed it peopled by "brigands large and brigands small," comfortably enrobed in ample black capes of a striking uniformity of style and a no less evident efficiency. A flying raid on a neighboring shop produced two capes, recommended by the shopkeeper, with an eye on the falling rain without, as "very, very solid," and of a dashing cut, which M'sieur and M'dame each hailed as exceedingly becoming—to the other.

More or less promptly at the suggested hour, we proceeded through the main street of the town toward the Loire, affording, I am sure, a refreshingly novel experience for the Orléanaises. On a broad, low truck drawn by a horse of giant proportions and amiable mien rode the canoe, revealing even through his wrappings something of his fineness of line. Amidships perched M'sieur and M'dame, not even the capes "of the country" availing to conceal their character of strangers to the land. But their very strangeness seemed to save them from too pressing curiosity. The mad Anglo-Saxon is expected to do queer things in the Latin world. At their feet clustered the baggage—paddles, camera,

[1] From our first hour in the provinces the universal salutation, "Bon jour, M'sieur et M'dame," greeted us at inns, shops, on the road, or as we passed in our canoe close to a fisherman, a peasant loading gravel into his cart, or a sturdy washerwoman kneeling at the river's edge. The salutation was so common that we almost forgot our own names and became for the moment plain M'sieur and M'dame.

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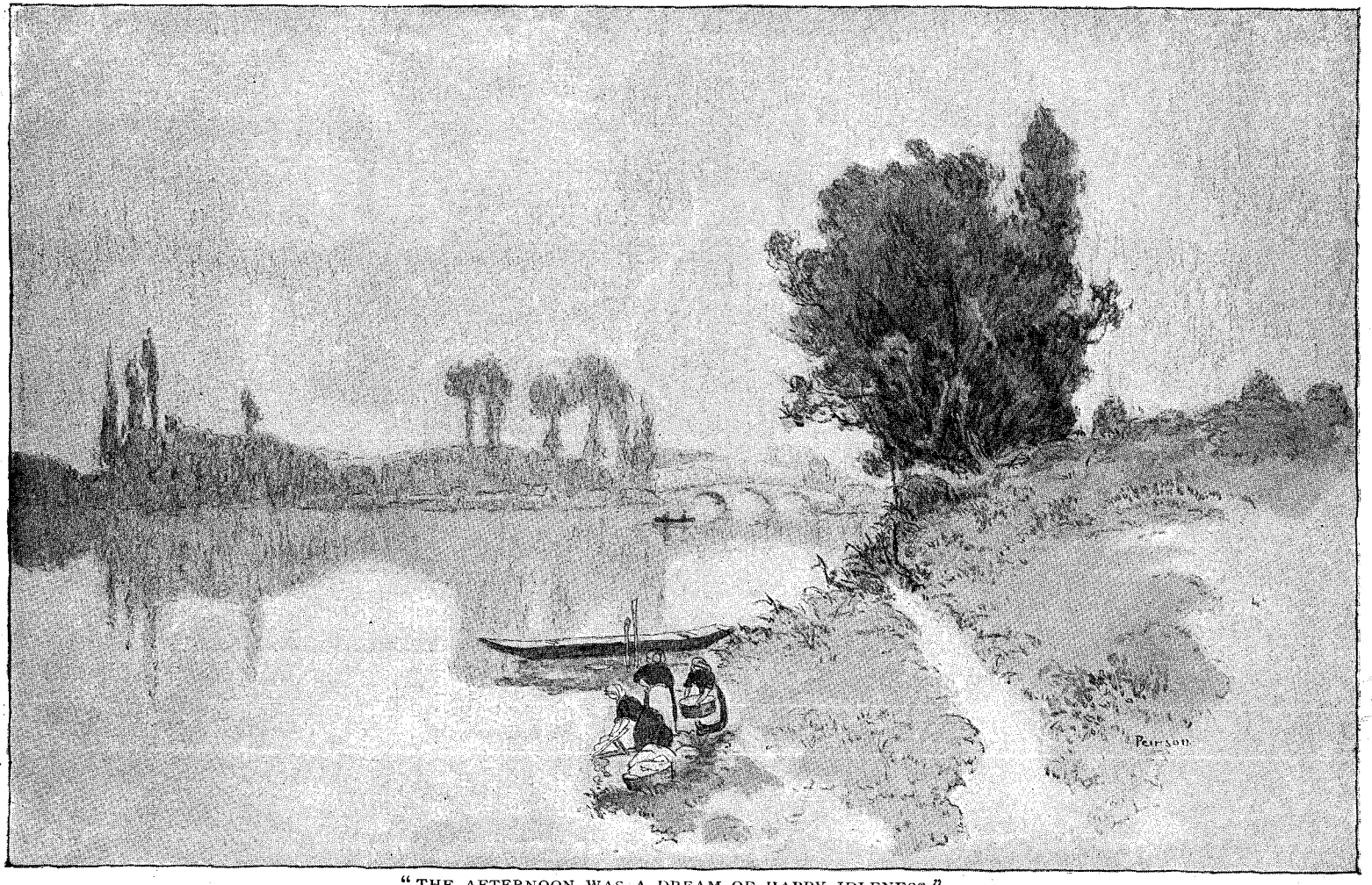

"THE AFTERNOON WAS A DREAM OF HAPPY IDLENESS"

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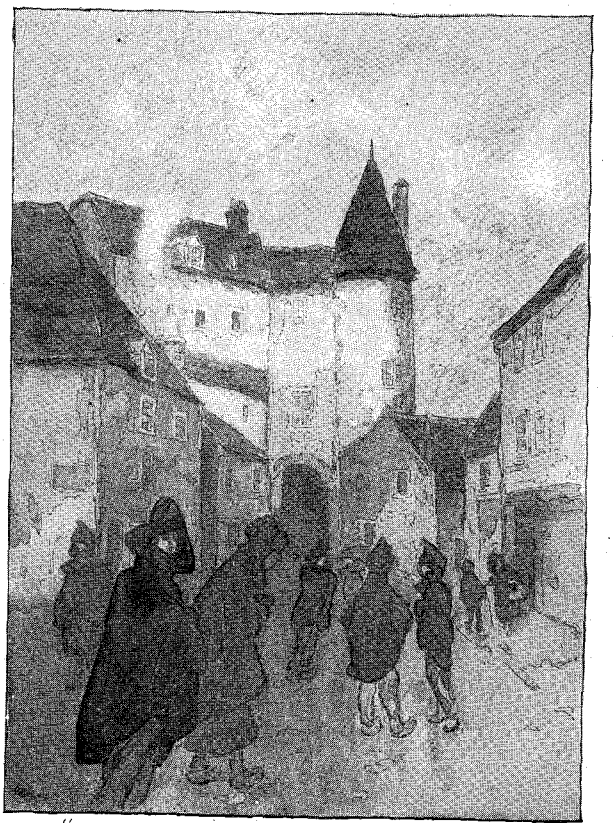
and fat *sac de voyage* (how much more romantic a title than our prosaic "traveling bag"!). The driver—

But M'sieur has left out the most important item. The evening before, wandering through the open street market, with its long double line of booths filled with every imaginable kind of merchandise from sweetmeats to live birds, we had found and purchased a tidy little basket. In the morning we stored it with supplies. Frugality was for the moment our watchword. Two cents for "little breads," fourteen for a bit of delicious Roquefort cheese, eight for a half-bottle of vin ordinaire, and ten for a generous supply of great rosy strawberries, left us a balance of six cents from our appropriation of two francs. A tempting luncheon—it tempted us all the morning.

On the bow of the canoe rode the driver, as amiable as his horse and hardly less impassive. His stolidity, at first impregnable, as we advanced was pierced by something of interest and curiosity. During the process of unpacking, launching, and loading the canoe the gleam brightened, until at the moment of embarkation he thrust a sympathetic left hand into mine and murmured an "Au revoir" whose tone seemed compounded of admiration for our boldness and hopelessness for our fate, his face breaking into unwonted lines of humor and good will.

Perhaps we were a little homesick after our three weeks in a strange land, or perhaps it was merely his intrinsic charm that gave us a thrill of delight as the slim little gray craft slid from the protecting burlap. There on French sands lay a counterpart of the beloved companion of many a former expedition in our own North woods and waters. Our joy found vent in loving little pats of the graceful upcurving bow and stern, and on M'dame's part in strenuous endeavors to remove the dust of travel from the shining interior.

The assembling idlers of the town draped themselves over the parapet of bridge and quay; gravely watchful small boys gathered on the shore; even the workers in the adjacent wash-house suspended for a moment their incessant pounding and scrubbing—all Orléans, in fact, held its breath as Gray Brother, with M'sieur in the stern and M'dame in the bow, started on his journey down the Loire. The sun at that moment, out of curiosity, I believe, thrust his face through the clouds, while friendly voices and waving hands wished us good speed. The strong, swift current of the Loire bore us merrily on under the second bridge and past the last of the city streets till only the outlying farms bordered the river. There we turned Gray Brother's



"BRIGANDS LARGE AND BRIGANDS SMALL"

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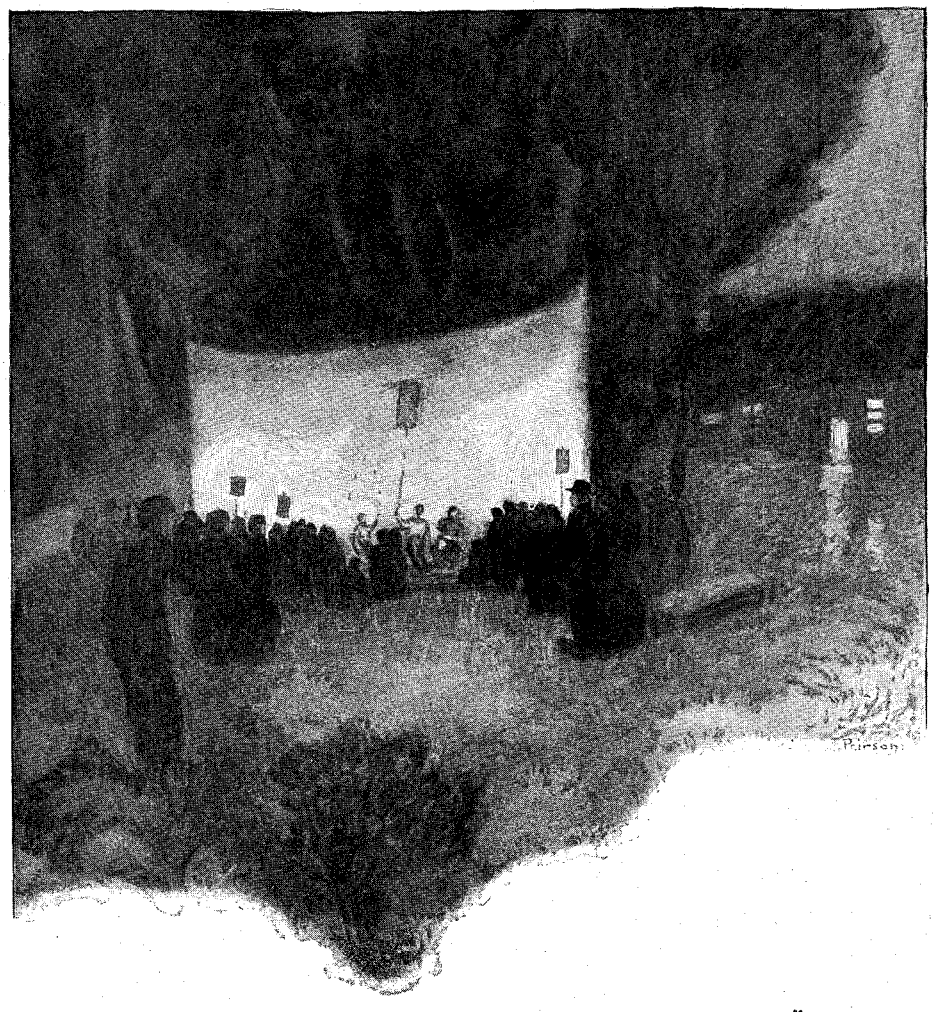
nose and paddled across stream for a last look at Orléans, its two cathedral spires thrust up above the trees dominating and ennobling the dull little city. Suddenly our more intimate acquaintance with the river which was to bear us on our journey began. An energetic stroke of the paddles was stopped in mid-career. The impediment was the river bottom, which at this point inconveniently rose to the surface. Further investigation discovered a sand-bar of considerable area, but avoidable by a slight detour. This experience proved characteristic of our entire progress down the river. The current was remarkably swift, but the channel was constantly crossing from bank to bank. To disregard its course was inevitably to run into water too shallow for even Gray Brother's few inches of draught.

Its ways once learned, however, it was a delightful stream to navigate. Paddling was easy; the prospect, always lovely, was sufficiently various to sustain interest and provoke curiosity, and remote enough occasionally to suggest a voyage of discovery, while the wooded, grass-grown banks were a constant invitation. On this first day, however, grass and trees were too wet for expeditions or even for the noonday halt. So we lunched in the canoe.

The afternoon was a dream of happy idleness. The current bore us gently onward; the sun, relenting, wrapped us



"A TRAVELING SHOW HAD SET UP ITS MEAGER APPARATUS"

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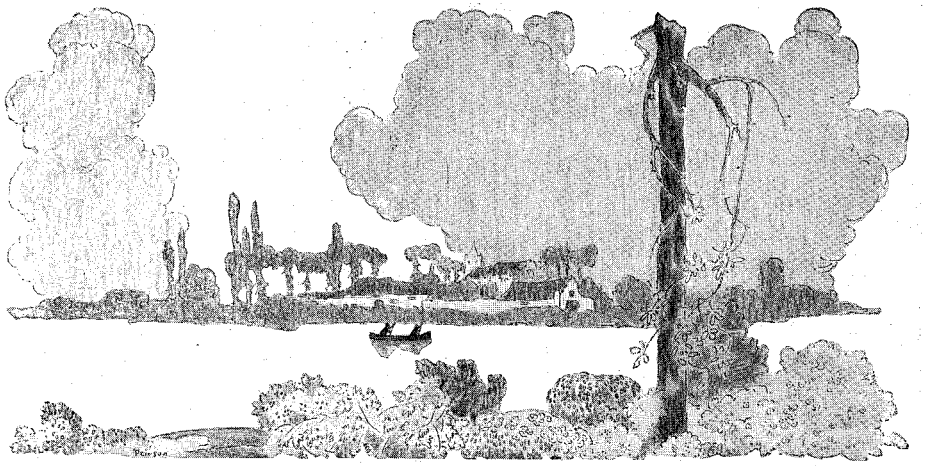

"IT WAS A DELIGHTFUL STREAM TO NAVIGATE"

round with warmth and brightness; yellow iris at the water's edge allured, flaming poppies higher up the bank threw us a gay challenge, little trailing white water flowers wooed us gently as we passed; now and again the cuckoo's clear note broke the stillness, or the bubbling murmur of the turtle-doves filled the air, and over all, pervading all, was the sweet, haunting fragrance of the locust bloom. Nature in all her fairest, subtlest guises of light, color, sound, and scent charmed us.

The little village of Meung (a name, by the way, as nearly impossible as may be of pronunciation by the stranger; the natives make it sound like the staccato moo of a bereaved cow) has, I believe, a station on the railway. From our point of view, however, this contact with the world did not exist. Meung was merely a waterside hamlet, a port of call on our voyage of discovery. Gray Brother poked his nose into the sand with an almost audible sigh of content (it was his first day of action, remember, after the bondage of his long journey). M'dame rested at his side while I reconnoitered the town for an inn. The Hôtel St. Jacques, an amiable hostess, a tidy *chambre à deux lits*, and a two-wheeled white cart to fetch M'dame and the baggage, rewarded the quest. Gray Brother was safely housed through the courtesy of a man who plainly conceived that his official occupation of marking the shifting channel of the Loire for the guidance of the fishing boats marked him as the logical custodian of the craft; and we mounted the cart.

Before we reached the inn the "note" of Meung had forced itself upon us as an overpowering one of hides and the too fragrant processes of tanning. This somewhat harsh note, however, was soon ameliorated for M'dame, by the sight of the spotless linen of the bedchamber, its floor of warm red tiles, even then undergoing a thorough scrubbing, and the green of the vine that came creeping into the window. M'sieur's compensation came later, in the excellence and the abundance of the dinner.

A stroll through the town after dinner discovered an unexpected source of entertainment. On a plot of green near the river a traveling show had set up its meager apparatus; before a tattered curtain the orchestra, consisting of two horns of amazing brazenness, and two drums whose loose heads resounded but dully, performed just recognizable travesties of popular airs. The musicians, who were presently to be revealed as forming the entire troupe, were evidently the members of a family. The father, a burly fellow with crude abilities as acrobat and clown, worked untiringly. Now he played the horn, with undoubted emphasis if not with finesse, then hurried to regulate the "flares" (of acetylene gas!) which lighted the little arena. After exhorting, in a flood of showman "patter," the bashful spectators to take seats on

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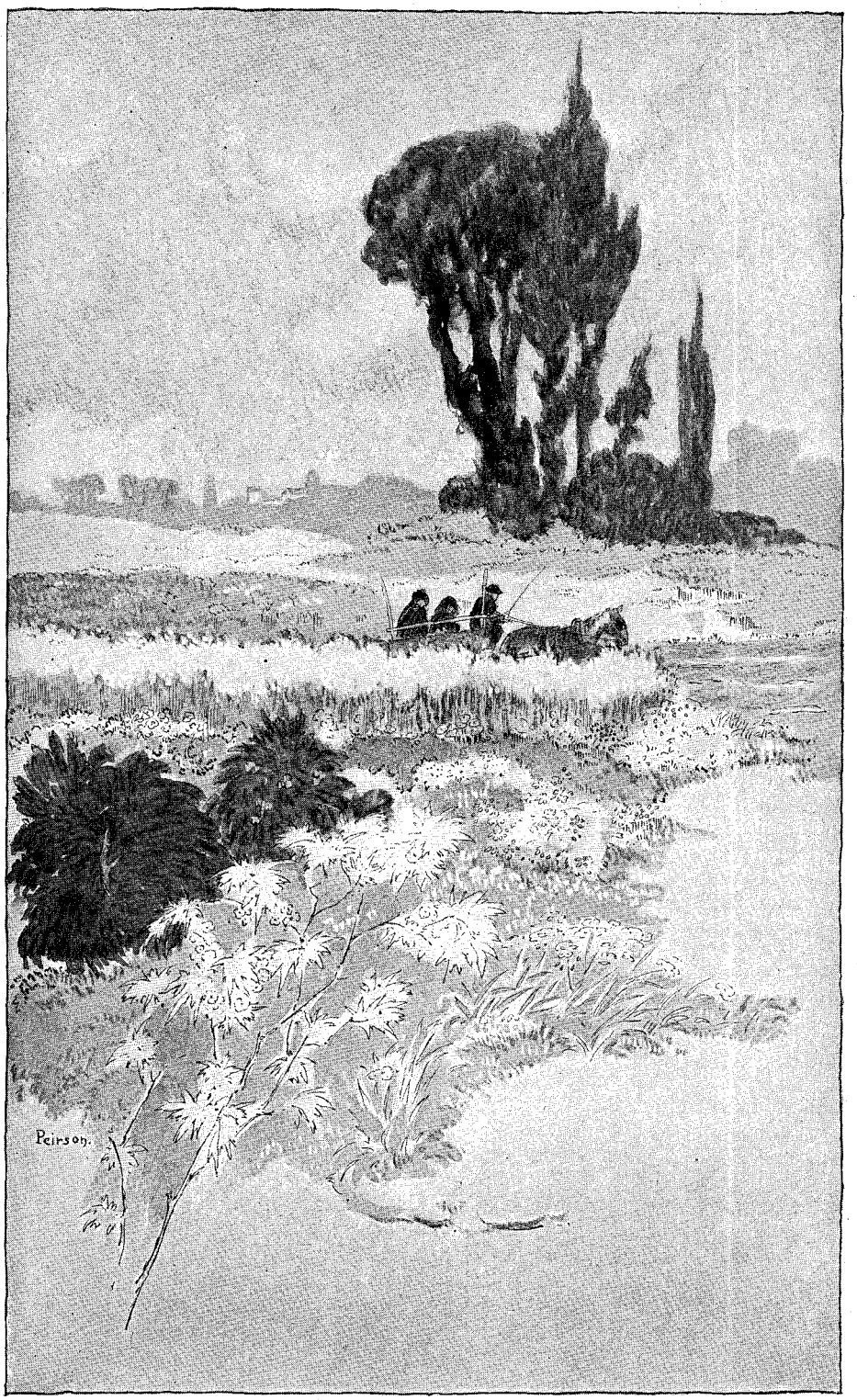

"IT SEEMED A GIANT GARDEN THAT BLOOMED ABOUT US AND STRETCHED AWAY TO THE HORIZON"

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the little row of benches about the arena, he darted behind the curtain to don a costume of clown, with a hasty rub of chalk on cheeks, nose, and forehead. He performed as buffoon, acrobat, juggler, and songster, and at length, hat in hand, tried by all the tricks of the trade to charm the sous from the pockets of his hearers. He had an able second in his son, a boy of perhaps thirteen, and heir to all his father's ability. His impudent air of jollity and his evident enjoyment of each of his rôles were the brightest spots in the tawdry performance. The mother, little and gray and pathetically old for such a life, beat her drum and took her little part in the show with a whimsical air of resignation that convicted her of at least the remnants of a saving sense of humor. The other son, no less pathetically young, whacked the bass drum with gusto, aiming with sleepy-eyed care at the spot which he had chalked in the center of the head. At intervals he assisted father or brother in some acrobatic trick or piece of buffoonery, anon returning to his drum with renewed vigor.

The performance was crude and coarse (our ignorance of colloquial French probably spared us, by good fortune, the realization of how coarse it was), but at least the players were doing their best and working hard for their meager reward, and the spectators seemed to appreciate their efforts.

Our departure from Meung, the next morning, was accomplished in the face of threatening weather. The smiling landscape of yesterday was gone. Above was a somber sky; below, a sullen river. The trees lining the shore, the fresh green of their leaves showing pale against the dark masses of storm-cloud, bent before the strong west wind which blew aggressively in our faces. With a joyous sense of exhilaration we pitted our best strength against the elements, and fought a winning battle down to the old town of Beaugency. Arrived there, a little breathless, we found a quiet corner for Gray Brother, and, leaving our belongings in charge of the almost overattentive host of a little hotel on the quay, set forth for a prowl around the ancient streets. Our thirst for the historic and picturesque was rewarded by sight of the massive stone keep of the old castle, neglected and ruinous, but still impressive by virtue of its proportions and the memory of the battles which in old time had raged round it; part of the ancient city wall, with a gate and watch-towers crumbling and moss-grown; and a statue of Jeanne d'Arc commemorating her victory over the English at Beaugency. The statue is very bad, but it was impossible not to feel a little thrill to find ourselves standing where she had stood. As we strolled down the street and entered the old Abbey church of Notre Dame, I liked to think that she, too, had passed that way to give thanks for the victory won.

But our dreams were cut short, for the rain, refusing us further grace, descended with force and decision. Fortunately, we were armed against it with our beloved capes, into which we promptly retired, and, with hoods drawn over our heads, returned to the river. There we were met by mine host, who prophesied a deluge, and disinterestedly offered us the shelter of his roof and the refreshment of his board. But a momentary lull in the storm and a preference for our lunch-basket decided us to push on. Not a quarter of a mile below the town we were again obliged to seek the refuge of our capes, and, being by this time very hungry, we brought forth the basket. The supplies were divided, and, like a dog with his bone, each withdrew to the sheltered gloom of his own cape. Peeping out, M'dame observed at the other end of the canoe an occasional hand conveying bread and cheese from the shadow of the cape to the shadow of the hood. That was all—but the results were eminently satisfactory.

The afternoon was a repetition of the morning's battle against the wind, with the addition of repeated drenchings. Once, indeed, we were forced to land and empty the canoe of its accumulated load of water. But pride kept us at it, in spite of protesting muscles and the discomfort of wet clothes.

And then we came upon the road to our first château quite by accident. As

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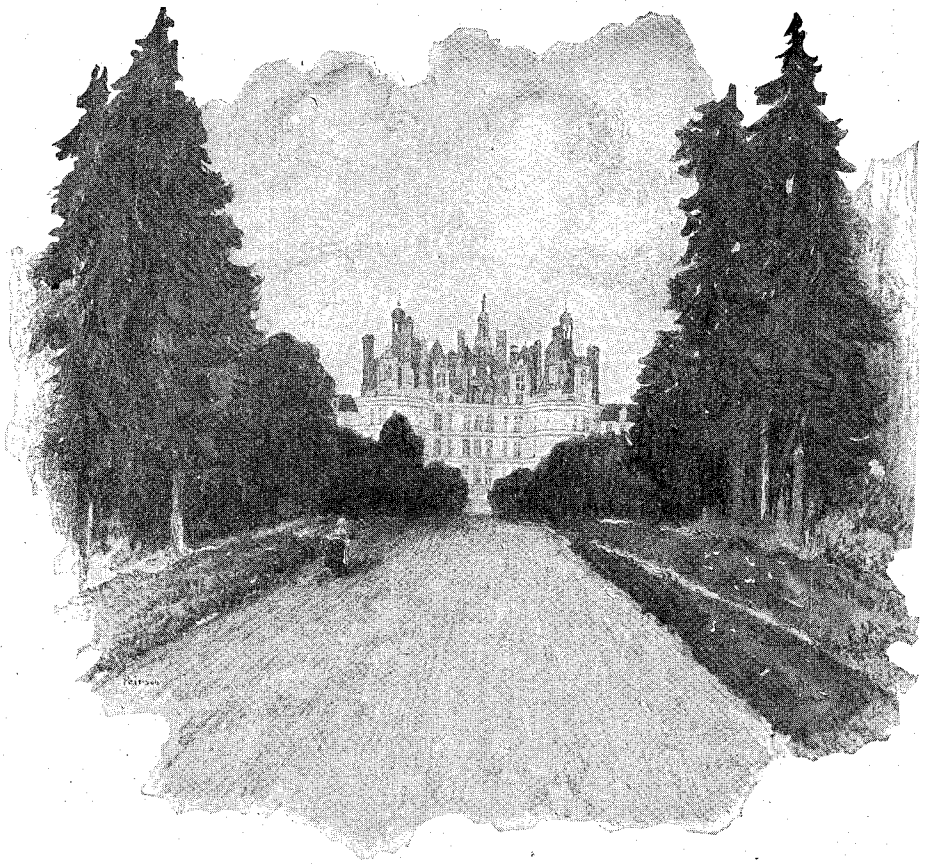

"RISING NOBLY AT THE END OF A LONG VISTA"

we came around a bend in the river a little village came straggling invitingly down to the water's edge. We had accepted the invitation almost before we knew it. From the usual group of curious watchers a kindly young peasant offered himself as guide to the inn. On the way we conversed amiably. He reassured me as to the inn, which it appeared was kept by his cousin. It was not at all "de luxe," he warned; but in response to my question as to cleanliness, he replied eagerly with the inevitable "Ah, oui, but very, very clean." We discussed our trip, Gray Brother, whose fine lines, lightness, and buoyancy he, as a fellow-boatman, greatly admired, the floods to which the Loire is periodically subject, his own shipwreck in its waters the preceding January, and the wonderful bravery of M'dame in trusting herself to so frail a craft. He became radiant at the mention of America as our home land. He had been to America himself. "Mais oui, Monsieur, I have been there. To Guadeloupe and Venezuela. It is a good country, that America." I did not tell him that Venezuela was as foreign to New York, and almost as far from it, as France itself; his feeling of neighborliness was too fine to destroy. The village, he said, was St. Dyé; no great place, though very old. But not four miles away was the grand château of Chambord, set in the middle of a park surrounded with an old wall of great extent. Could we drive there the next morning? "Ah, oui, M'dame. But easily," he assured us, and we exulted in our good fortune.

The inn proved as clean as he had promised, and more picturesque than we had imagined possible. The main room into which we entered served as kitchen, dining-room, and drinking-hall. At the round table a jovial group sat over their

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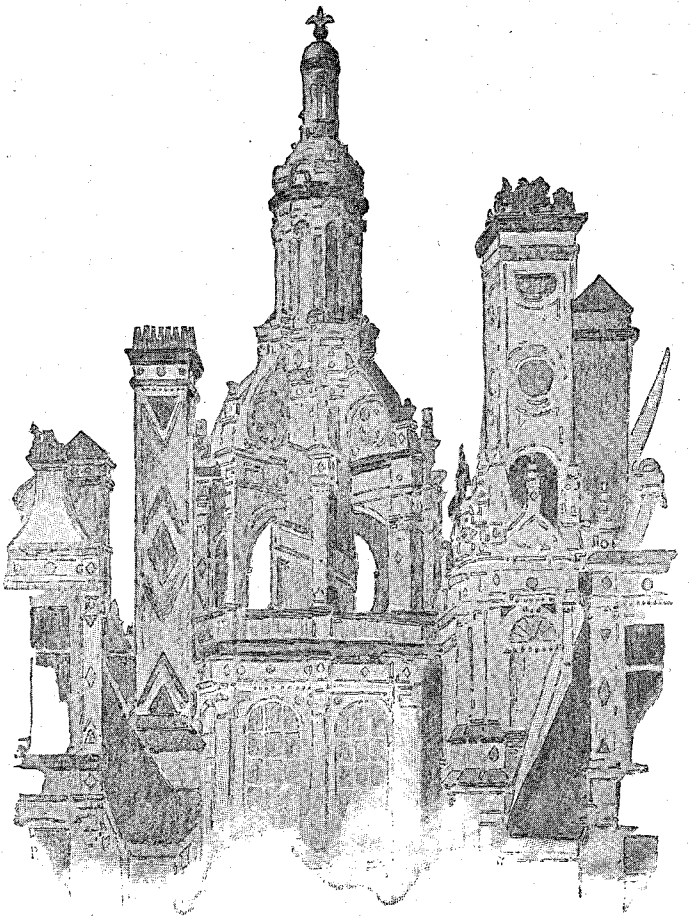
syrup and white wine, before the stove in a corner a bustling little old woman presided over the labors of a neat serving-maid, at the door the buxom hostess welcomed us with shy cordiality. Her solicitude for our comfort was delightful. She invited M'sieur's orders for dinner, and, when he hesitated, sketched out a tentative menu of such prodigality that he could only murmur an overpowered assent. The dinner was served in state in a private dining-room, and stretched to nine courses, each as good as the last, and as admirable in quantity as in quality. And the price! Two francs and a half, fifty cents, half a dollar, four York shillings—per plate I was going to say, but when I remember the huge pile of crockery that graced the side table at the beginning and melted away by slow degrees as the meal progressed, I realize the inaptness of the phrase—let us say, then, apiece. And for the chamber—clean as a whistle, neat as a pin, with a big luxurious bed crowned with the characteristic down comforter a foot and a half thick in the middle—two francs the night. Shades of Mills Hotels, newsboys' lodging-houses, Salvation Army shelters! what more could the heart of man desire? Let me assume for a moment the rôle of Herr Baedeker and record a double star at the name of the Hôtel de l'Écu de France, St. Dyé-sur-Loire, in the Department of Loir-et-Cher, and the sometime Province of Touraine, France. We dined, we slept, we consumed our "little breakfast" of great bowls of chocolate, crisp and crusty "little breads," and fresh butter (ten



"THE ROOF, A VERITABLE RIOT OF TURRETS, LANTERNS, CUPOLAS, CHIMNEYS, AND GABLES"

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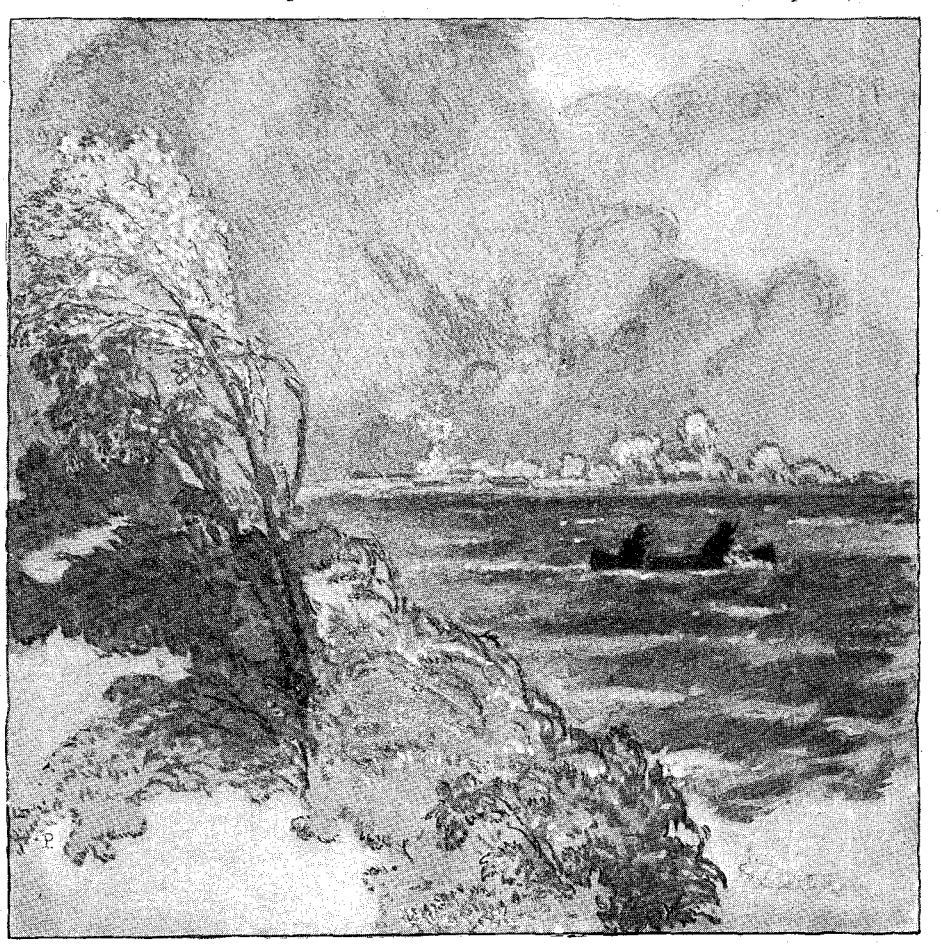
cents apiece), and then we went to Chambord.

As we passed the moss-grown gate in the old wall—

But we did not wear seven-league boots and reach Chambord at a single stride, as M'sieur would lead you to suppose. Instead, we and Jean, in a springless two-wheeled cart, jogged along in a soft rain through flowering fields. It seemed a giant garden that bloomed about us and stretched away to the horizon. Here a gay bed of scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers, next a patch of ruby red clover invaded by a strip of the same blossom, topaz yellow. Anon there smiled a field of shimmering wheat, the fiery glow of poppies running just below the surface of the silver green. The old Mother had spread out her brightest patchwork quilt for us, and sweet and homely it was.

Now, if he will, M'sieur may proceed with his château.

From the gate in the old wall, the road (to say that it was superb is only to say that it was French) climbed a little slope through sweet-smelling evergreens. Then it dipped again and revealed the château, rising nobly at the end of a long vista. Chambord, in appearance, combines the massive strength and solidity of the mediæval castle with the elaborate ornamentation of the architecture of the Renaissance. The strength is expressed in its six round towers of exaggerated girth, four of which occupy the château's main façade. The other extreme is presented by the roof, which is a veritable riot of turrets, lanterns, cupolas, chim-



"THE SMILING LANDSCAPE OF YESTERDAY WAS GONE"

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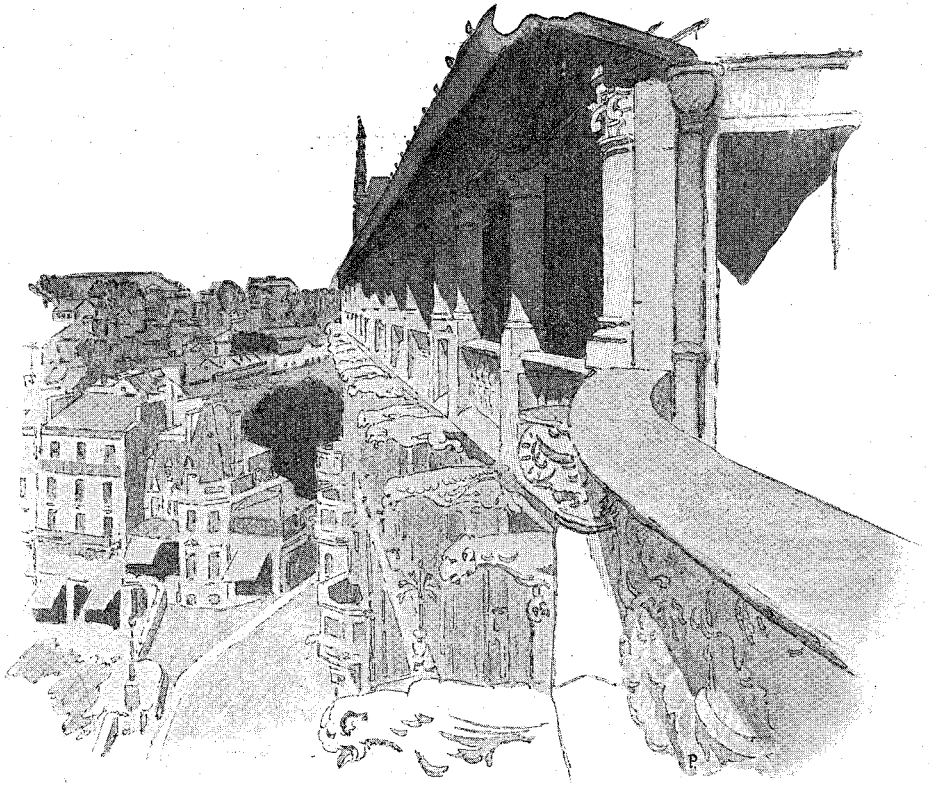

"THE FREE, BRIGHT BEAUTY OF THE FRANÇOIS I WING"

neys, and gables, each one wonderfully carved and decorated, exuberant in itself, but skillfully subordinated to the effect of the whole composition. Within, the spirit of the Renaissance holds sway alone—in the marvelous twin staircases, so cunningly intertwined in a vast spiral that you mount or descend one of them all unconscious of the existence of the other, which might be in use at the same moment, for all you know, by one or a dozen, or a regiment; in the richly carved ceiling of the guard halls that radiate from the staircase, a quartet at each story; and in the single bit of woodwork, a beautiful carved door, which the vandals of the Revolution left behind when they plundered the château of its wood for their fires and the lead of its roofs for their guns.

Chambord bears reminiscences of three Kings and one Pretender. Its builder was François I., but why he chose to place so elaborate a structure, with its four hundred and forty apartments, on such a flat, sandy plain, is still an unexplained riddle. Perhaps he wanted a hunting lodge (with four hundred and forty rooms!) in a district so rich in game; perhaps his creative impulse needed an outlet just when some accident directed his attention here; perhaps, and this is the alternative which M'dame prefers, it was a fond memory of his first love, a lady of the neighborhood, which he sought to honor. If this be the true explanation, how his wicked old eye must have twinkled as, in a later year when his first love was no longer, by many, his only love, he wrote on the glass in the window of his cabinet, for his sister's delectation, the aphorism, "Souvent femme varie, mal habil qui s'y fie"—Woman changes often, he is a fool who trusts her. A century later another monarch, who shared with François the title of Great, and rivaled him in the susceptibility and fickleness of his heart, broke that glass at the feet of his favorite of the moment, Louise de la Vallière, in, I am sure, as sardonic a humor.

A more edifying memory of Louis XIV.

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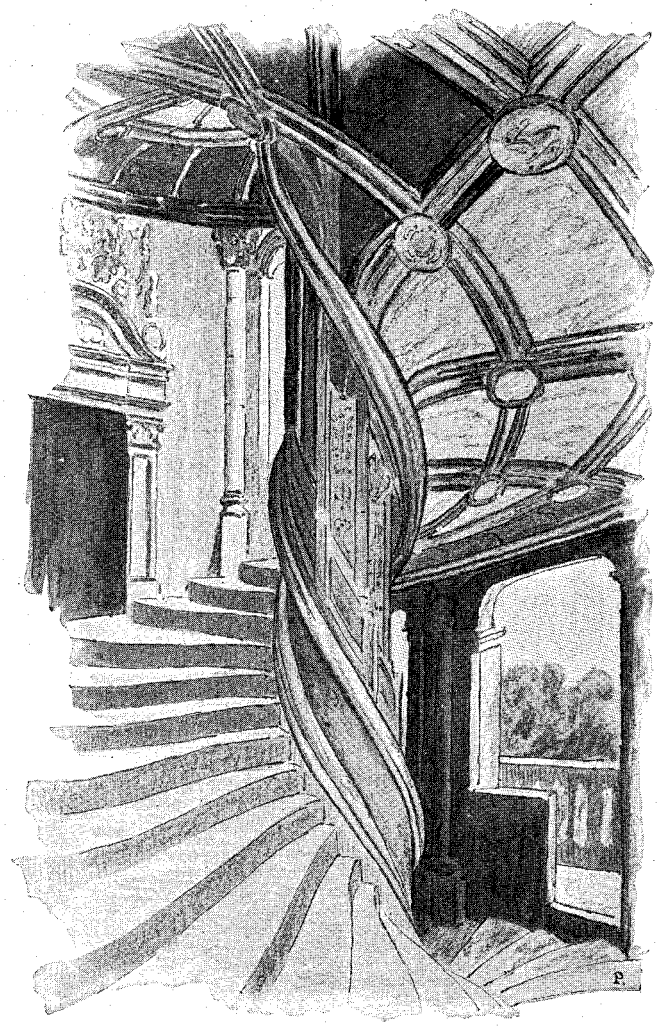
lives in one of the halls adjoining the grand staircase on the upper story. Here the first presentation of Molière's comedy of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was given before the Grand Monarque and his court. You can see the little doorway cut through the side wall to afford an entrance and an exit for the players, the ruthless gashing of the splendid ceiling where the curtain was hung, and the opening pierced through a thick shaft at the back of the stage to permit the passage of the actors from side to side. The royal box was on the staircase, framed in by carved pillars and balustrade. Little things like massive walls to be cut through, and beautiful decorations to be mangled, need not interfere with an evening's pleasure for the Grand Monarque, so long as a drop of blood remained to his loyal subjects to be squeezed from them by his tax-gatherers.



"IT RISES IN LOVELY CURVES, EXACTLY REPRODUCING THE INNER SPIRAL OF A SEA-SHELL"

The third King was Stanislaus Leszczynski, quondam King of Poland, who occupied his eight years of exile here in filling up the great moats of the château and marrying his daughter to Louis XV. After belonging in succession to Marshal de Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, and Napoleon's Marshal Berthier, for whose benefit it was converted into

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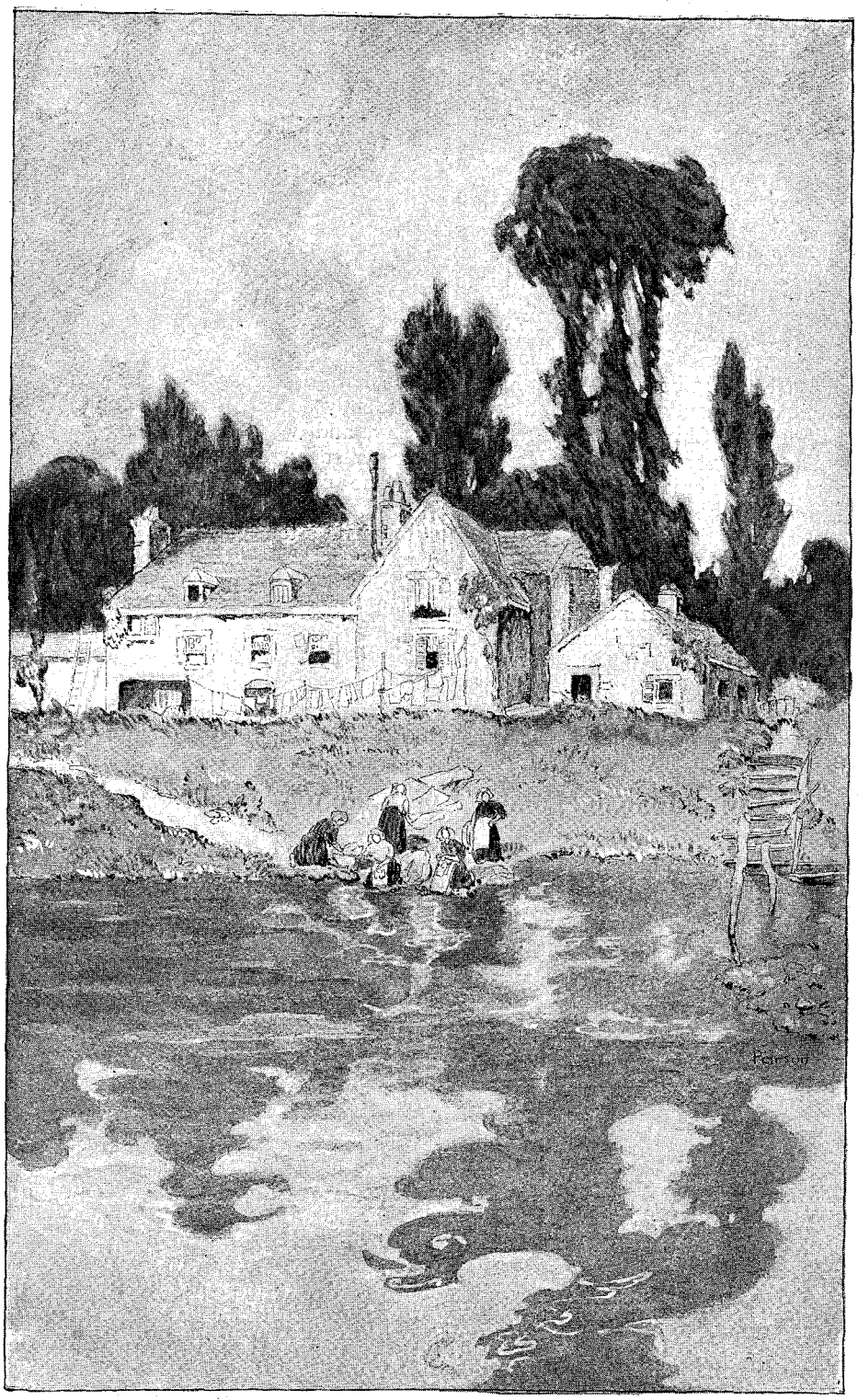

"KNEELING WOMEN VICIOUSLY POUND AND SCRUB DEFENSELESS GARMENTS"

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the Principality of Wagram, Chambord was presented by a national subscription to the infant Duke of Bordeaux, the "child of the miracle," the prospective Henry V. It was only after forty years of exile that the Comte de Chambord (he had assumed the title in recognition of the gift) visited his château and continued there his fruitless attempts to arouse national support for his pretensions.

As our first château, Chambord made its own impression, not to be displaced by any later experience. But aside from this distinction of priority, although the charm of Chambord faded for M'dame before the beauty of Blois and the historic thrill of Chinon, M'sieur remained true to his first enthusiasms. He admits freely that he enjoyed his visit to Chambord better than that to any other of the Touraine châteaux.

In the two hours that it took us to reach Blois we experienced the buffetings of March and the smiles (a few) and tears of April. Variety, however, is always welcome, and we had long since become waterproof.

Martial music heralded our approach to the old gray town. The military band or whatever it was that produced it remained invisible, but the effect of the animated strains was inspiring, and assisted us to round the corner of a Blois wash-house in truly dashing style. One wash-house, sometimes two or three, ornaments the water-front of every considerable town that borders the Loire. On the lower deck, almost level with the water, of an anchored barge, twenty kneeling women viciously pound and scrub defenseless garments, rinsing them in the turbid water between attacks. Then, thoroughly subdued, the wash is hung to dry on the upper deck, where the sweet air of Touraine does its best for it.

As we swung into quiet water we looked up at the huddled roofs of the town rising steeply from the water's edge, hoping for a glimpse of the famous castle. It is visible, indeed, but not impressive, from that point of view, rather melting into the general picturesque effect than giving the dominant note to the scene. We found a man to take charge of Gray Brother, and a carriage to take us to the hotel. Consciousness of our bedraggled and tramp-like appearance smote us suddenly as we drew up before the Grand Hôtel de Blois. At the little hostelries of Meung and St. Dyé our rain-battered hats and brigand capes had seemed sufficiently respectable, but here, welcomed by an impressive hostess and attended by liveried servants, it was quite another matter. M'dame stifled a wild desire to secrete the lunch-basket among the folds of her cape, and endeavored to assume an air of nonchalance. But peculiarity of dress and equipment were evidently accounted for by our nationality, and we ascended to our room unchallenged.

The next morning (in the rain, of course) we visited the château. First we made a tour of the outside, rejoiced in the free, bright beauty of the façade of the François I. wing, and bemoaned the dull and heavy plainness of the more modern addition by Gaston d'Orléans. At the same time, we could not but thank the good Providence that removed that worthy gentleman before he had had time to put into effect his intention of tearing down all of the earlier building and replacing it with a continuation of the dreary Mansard creation. His death has preserved to us one of the most perfect specimens of the beautiful Renaissance architecture. Seen from the street, the François I. wing delights by reason of its thrilling buoyancy, while from the court it charms by its delicacy, grace, and variety. Although the château has been much restored since the devastations of the Revolution, the work has been done with scrupulous care and fidelity, and has preserved to a wonderful degree the ancient spirit. The third and oldest portion of the castle, known as the Louis XII. wing, is now used as a museum. All that remains there of interest are two or three elaborately decorated and brilliantly restored mantels. On each appear a crowned L and a porcupine, the cipher and emblem of Louis XII., balanced by a crowned A with an ermine and twisted rope, the symbols of his wife, Anne de Bretagne. By a gateway piercing this wing, with an equestrian statue of Louis above it, one

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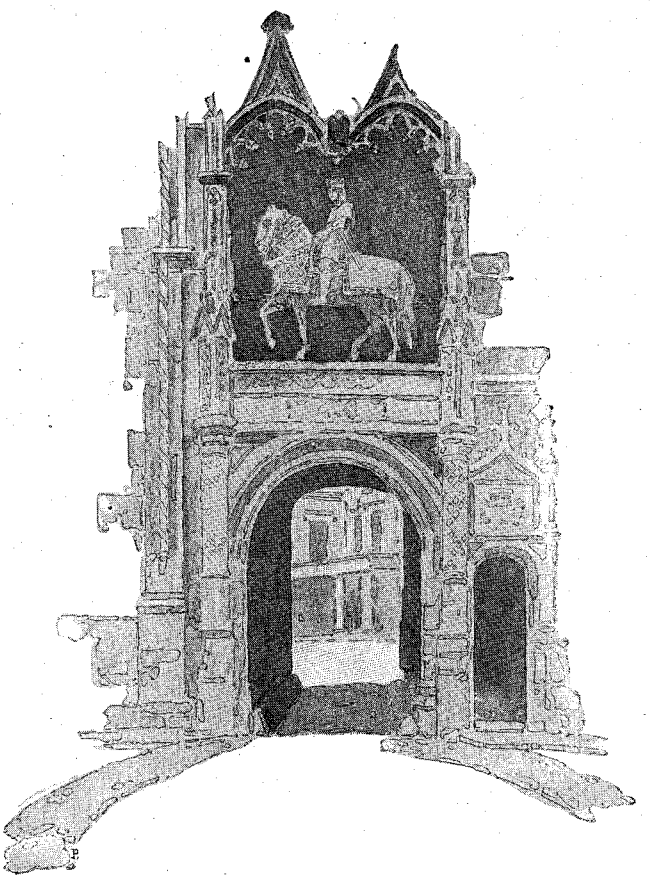
enters the court and sees, opposite, the entrance to Gaston's wing—if the traveler be wise he will not enter, unless for the pleasure of the contrast between its massive ugliness and the airy lightness of its right-hand neighbor, the wing of François I. Here the master craftsmen of their age have set their seal, as flowing line and flowering stone attest. It is even rumored (and we chose to believe) that Leonardo da Vinci, the greates artistic genius of all time, designed the beautiful outside staircase, the crowning triumph of the wonderful façade. Certain it is that it rises in lovely curves, exactly reproducing the inner spiral of a sea-shell, while the outer railing descends in lines corresponding to the lines on the outside of the shell. And we know that Leonardo was a student of nature and its relation to art as no other man of his time was. The central shaft round which the staircase winds is covered with panels carved in exquisite traceries of marvelous variety and perfect harmony. The whole wing is a vision of beauty—strange setting for the dark intrigues and bloody deeds which there took place. Now a graceful Renaissance doorway calls forth a thrill of admiration; again it is a Gothic portal, stately and aspiring, through which we pass. We linger and marvel in Catherine de' Medici's jewel-like oratory, or we shrink with a shudder from crime-stained dungeons. Our guide, endowed with keen dramatic sense, led us from gorgeous apartments to gloomy oubliettes, recalling for us the old scenes, repeopling the ancient halls. As we strolled back into the crooked, climbing streets of the town, surprise fell upon us at the absence of doublet and hose, plumed hat, sword and dagger.



"A GATEWAY . . . WITH A STATUE OF LOUIS ABOVE IT"

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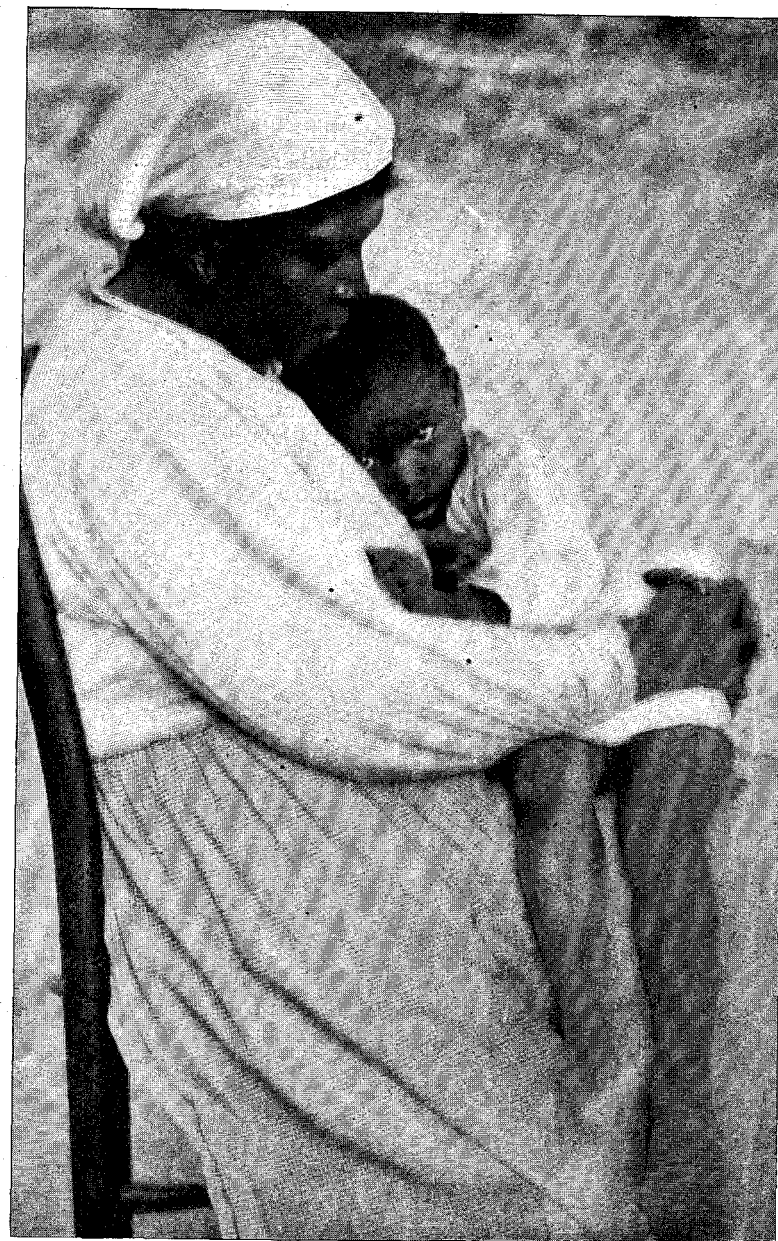

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BLACK MOTHER'S LULLABY

ONE LI'L' LAMB

BY MARTHA YOUNG

I'm a little sheep mos' too black to see,
So de hire-man-shepperd can't never find me
When I'm wrop around wid de dark er de night,
And de odder sheep shine in de dusk so white—
So he gadder dem all safe inter de fol',
And leave me a-trimblein' out in de col'.
Coo-ee!
Sheep-ee!

Folks say dar's one black sheep in every flock,
But dat hire-man-shepperd don't hear me knock;
Hit seem lak he'd ruther his sheep be all white
When he shut 'em all up safe and sound at night—
He count dat he got in de half and de whole,
When he shut-to de door of de warm sheep-fol'.
Coo-ee!
Sheep-ee!

But de Master come singin' adown dat way
To see ef His sheep airy one gone astray;
And He say, "I wants nairy one los', you know."
But de hire-man-shepperd he don't sesso—
He pull his forelock and he speak out right bol':
"Yas, sah, Massa, de *good* uns is all in de fol'."
Coo-ee!
Sheep-ee!
[Des a little black sheep am me!

Den de Master look all around, and he say,
"I'm missin' of *one*"—He speak des dat-a-way.
Den out on de mountain all col' and so dark,
He go callin' dis-a-way: "Sheep—oo— Ah, hark!"
He finds and he ketches me wid a firm hol',
And dar's sholy one little Black Lamb in de fol'!
Coo-ee!
Sheep-ee!
And Mammy's little Black Lamb am he!

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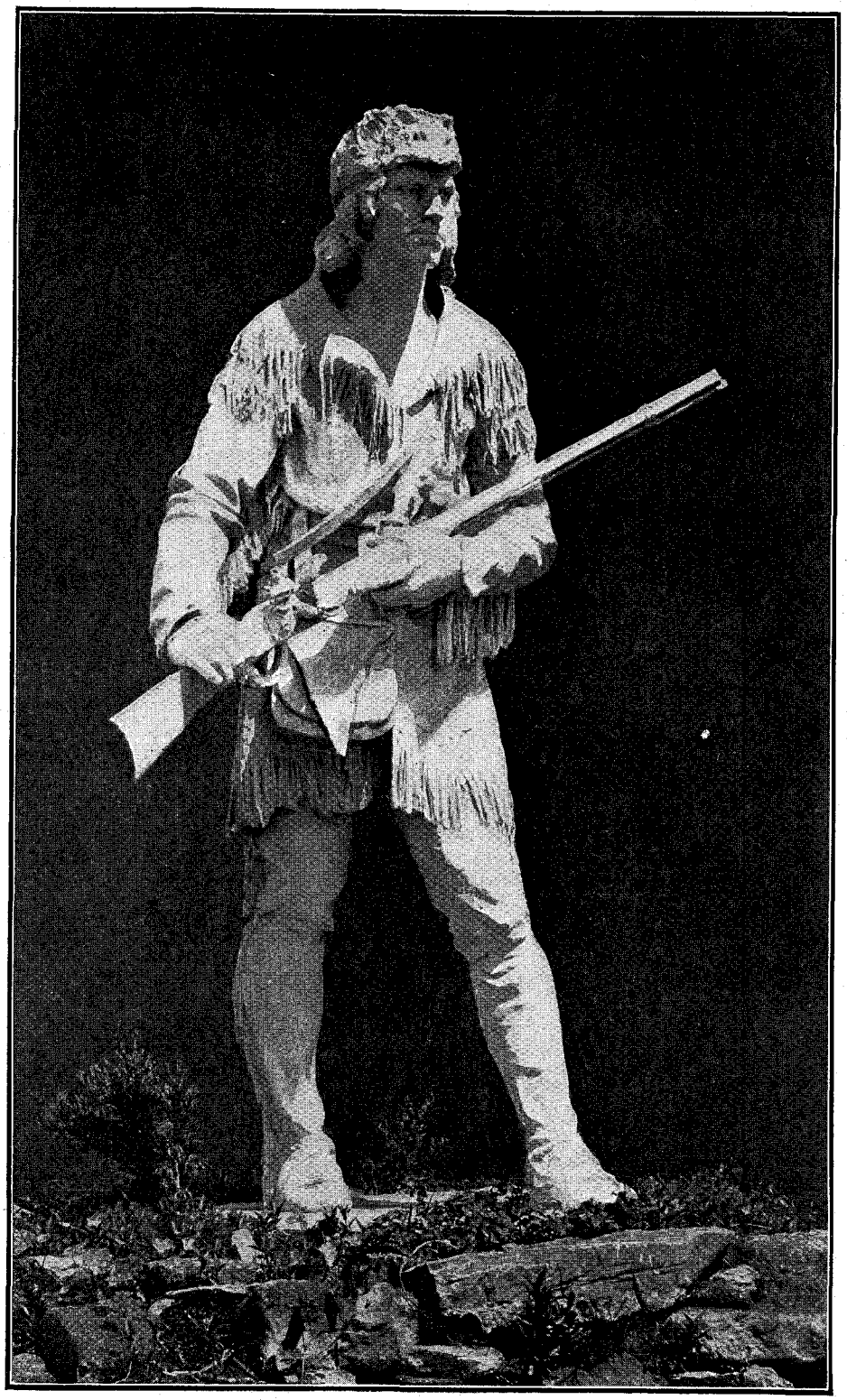

DANIEL BOONE
From the statue by Enid Yandell

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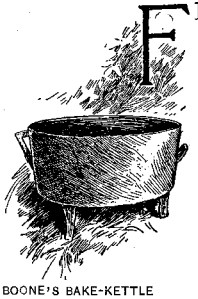
THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

FIRST PAPER

DANIEL BOONE AND THE OPENING UP OF THE WEST



BOONE'S BAKE-KETTLE

FROM the strictly political point of view, the story of the territorial expansion of the United States begins with the Louisiana Purchase, the first acquisition of new land by the youthful Republic. But precedent to the Louisiana Purchase, and rendering it inevitable, was an earlier movement set on foot while as yet the United States existed only in the imagination of a few prophetic souls who looked forward with buoyant hopes to the moment when the British colonies in the New World might become free to work out their destiny for themselves. From this movement, indeed, resulted not only the Louisiana Purchase, but all those other forward steps by which, within the space of less than a century, the American people obtained dominion from ocean to ocean; and in this movement is to be found, in no small measure, the explanation of the unparalleled rapidity with which the vast intervening territory was settled and developed. If it gave an irresistible impulse to territorial extension, it likewise quickened and strengthened national characteristics without which territorial extension would not have been worth while. Knowledge of it is indispensable to a correct understanding of the country's growth.

It began, roughly speaking, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Then, for the first time and after more than one hundred and fifty years of occupation, the colonists whose homes dotted the coastal region from Canada to the Floridas bent their way to the mysterious and unknown wilderness lying beyond the mountains that had so long marked their western boundary. Hitherto they had felt neither need nor desire to pass the barrier thrown up by nature; had, rather, clung instinctively to the narrow strip of land bordering the watery waste that separated them from the mother country. Here they had made clearings, created farm and plantation, built cabin and fort, village and town, always within easy reach if not within sight and sound of the sea. But now, under the pressure of economic stress and the hidden yet all-powerful influence of environment, they had acquired new standpoints, new yearnings, new characteristics. Long years of successful battling with the forest and the savage had bred in them alertness, resourcefulness, self-reliance, and boundless optimism. Although they could not know it, the New World had given birth to a new nation. They chafed under the limitations imposed by the home government, they chafed still more under the limitations of a territory which they had outgrown. Thence, as the spirit of independence and daring increased, arose the determination to press forward and master and occupy the transmontane wilderness. It mattered not that this

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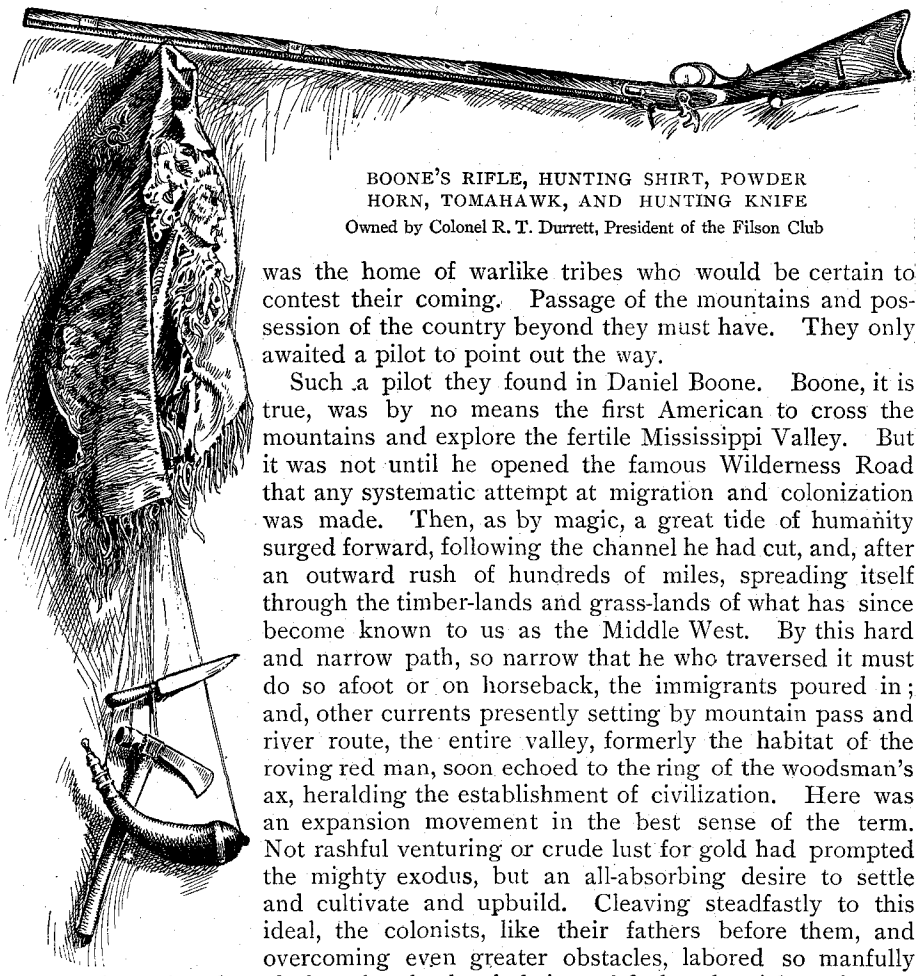

BOONE'S RIFLE, HUNTING SHIRT, POWDER HORN, TOMAHAWK, AND HUNTING KNIFE
Owned by Colonel R. T. Durrett, President of the Filson Club

was the home of warlike tribes who would be certain to contest their coming. Passage of the mountains and possession of the country beyond they must have. They only awaited a pilot to point out the way.

Such a pilot they found in Daniel Boone. Boone, it is true, was by no means the first American to cross the mountains and explore the fertile Mississippi Valley. But it was not until he opened the famous Wilderness Road that any systematic attempt at migration and colonization was made. Then, as by magic, a great tide of humanity surged forward, following the channel he had cut, and, after an outward rush of hundreds of miles, spreading itself through the timber-lands and grass-lands of what has since become known to us as the Middle West. By this hard and narrow path, so narrow that he who traversed it must do so afoot or on horseback, the immigrants poured in; and, other currents presently setting by mountain pass and river route, the entire valley, formerly the habitat of the roving red man, soon echoed to the ring of the woodsman's ax, heralding the establishment of civilization. Here was an expansion movement in the best sense of the term. Not rashful venturing or crude lust for gold had prompted the mighty exodus, but an all-absorbing desire to settle and cultivate and upbuild. Cleaving steadfastly to this ideal, the colonists, like their fathers before them, and overcoming even greater obstacles, labored so manfully and so wisely that, long before the death of their pathfinder, the rich region to which his Wilderness Road gave access had become the seat of prosperous commonwealths, partners in the Union born of the heroic War for Independence.

All this Boone saw, in all this he shared, and not without reason did he declare in his old age that the history of the settlement of the western country was his history. His entire career mirrored faithfully the sentiments, the sacrifices, the vicissitudes of the empire-builders to whom he opened the gateway to the Mississippi; and from his earliest youth he was an incarnation of the restless longing, the eager daring, the unconquerable resolution, and the sublime faith that carried the sons of those empire-builders from the Mississippi to the Pacific and beyond. By birth, training, and environment he was well fitted for the great task to which destiny had appointed him. Born of a pioneer Pennsylvania family, he first saw the light of day in a frontier settlement. He was cradled to the whispering of the forest trees and the singing of the birds that flitted through their branches; and from the moment that he was old enough to walk, the forest never called to him in vain. As a boy it was his delight to wander from the open fields, past the cordon of blackened stumps that marked the edge of the clearing, and on into the primeval depths, there to study the ways of nature and lay the foundations of his after mastery of woodcraft. As a boy, too, he became an adept with the rifle, and soon assumed the congenial task of supplying the family with meat. Herding in the summer, hunting in the winter, each succeeding year

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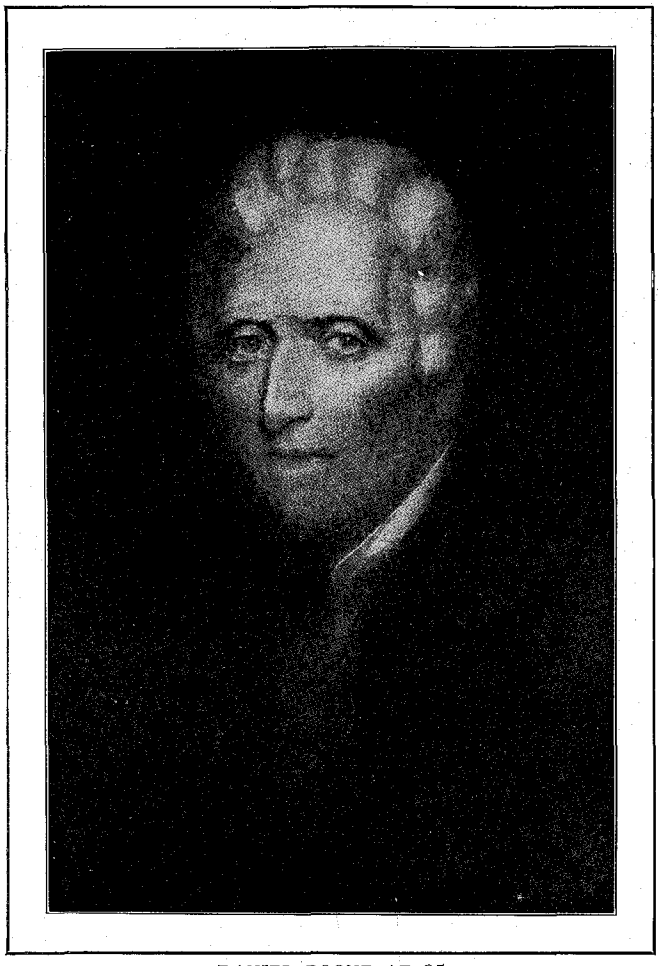
left him more keen, more self-reliant, more vigorous, and more enamored of the joys of the open.

A new chapter, but not unlike the old, began when, at the age of eighteen, he migrated with his parents to the fair lands of the Yadkin Valley in the northwest corner of North Carolina. Here had to be performed. There was the necessity of breadwinning, and there was the necessity of guarding the cabin home from the sudden attack of the Indian at last roused to fury by the wily counsels of his French allies. The war-cloud that for seven years was to engulf the continent had already begun to



DANIEL BOONE AT 85

From the only contemporary portrait of Boone, a painting made by Chester Harding in 1819
Reproduced, by permission, from "Daniel Boone," by Reuben G. Thwaites, published by D. Appleton & Co.

were fertile fields for farming, luxuriant meadows for grazing, and a wilderness with an abundance and a variety of game that far exceeded Boone's experience in the older country. Here, also, as he soon discovered, was the material for romance, and, with an ardor that could not be gainsaid, he wooed the maiden of his choice. But life was not all hunting, dancing, love-making. Sterner duties gather, and with an anxious eye Boone and his fellows watched its approach. The news that the French were drawing nearer, were even building forts on land claimed by the British colonies, grated harshly on their ears; and when the more welcome tidings came that a punitive expedition was to set forth, there was no lack of volunteers.

Thus it happened that Braddock's

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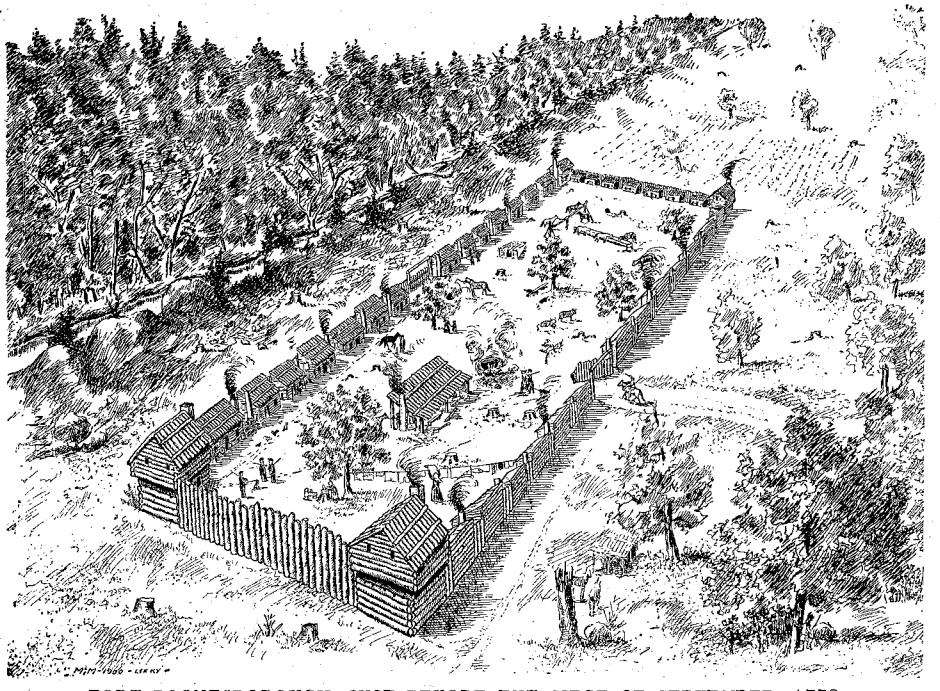

FORT BOONESBOROUGH, JUST BEFORE THE SIEGE OF SEPTEMBER, 1778
From "Boonesborough," by George W. Rauck, published by the Filson Club of Louisville, Kentucky

ill-fated army, which held in its ranks the immortal Washington, held another great American, Daniel Boone. And Boone, like Washington, survived the carnage of that fearful day. Out of his baptism of fire he emerged a man, with all the trivialities of youth put far behind him. The year after Braddock's defeat saw him active in the futile defense of the frontier posts, now threatened by the Indians of the South. One by one the settlements were deserted, as the backwoods folk gradually lost hope and fled to the communities nearer the sea; and in time, though not until their case seemed desperate, the Boones fled too, locating in tide-water Virginia. Then, as the war still raged, the husband and father—for such Boone now was—hurried back to the wilderness, reaching it in time to take part in the campaign that compelled the Indians to sue for peace. His had been a bloody apprenticeship, but no less than the youthful years of roving it served him well for the work he was yet to do.

On this work he did not definitely enter until six years after the great war had come to an end and the pretensions of France to New World supremacy had been forever blotted out by the battle of Quebec. Meanwhile, having brought his family back to the Yadkin, he spent his time much as of old, farming and hunting. But now his hunts were longer than before. The pressing of the frontier towards the mountains, the clearing of the forests, and the increased number of those who joined in the chase, had driven the denizens of the forest to take refuge with their remoter brethren on the far side of the rocky fastnesses. To the dauntless Boone, however, the new difficulties and perils only added to the joys of hunting. Peak after peak he scaled, and the farther the game retreated the farther he pursued, returning only when his rifle had won him a goodly store of meat and furs. Unconsciously, but inevitably, he became inspired with the curiosity and enthusiasm of the explorer. As ridge upon ridge and forest after forest unfolded before him in glorious panorama, there rose unbidden the question of what lay beyond and the spontaneous but overpowering desire to go and find.

It needed only a gentle stimulus to

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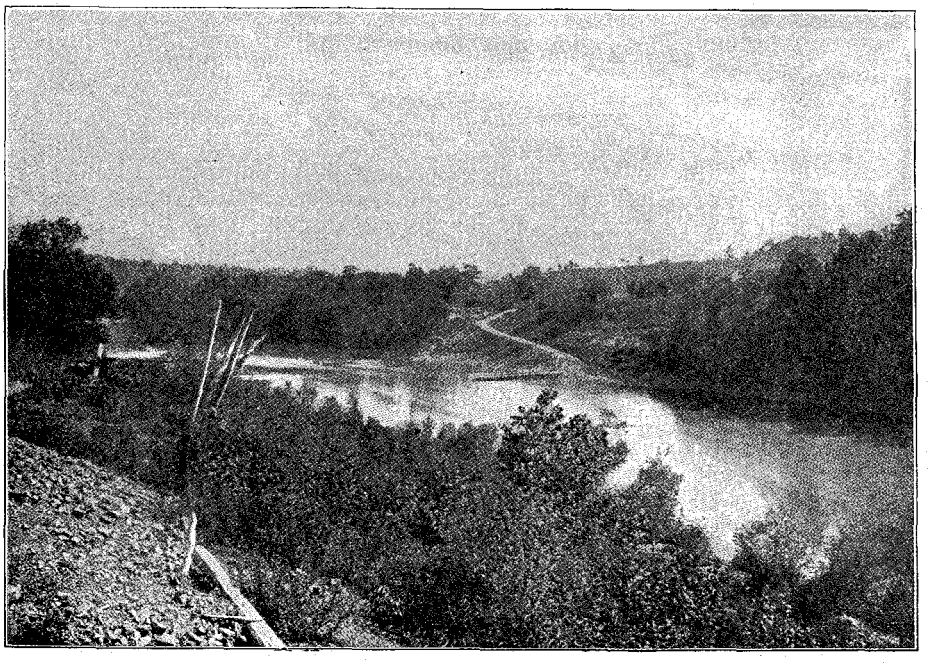
send him on a journey of discovery, and this stimulus was supplied by the arrival in the Yadkin Valley of a whilom fur trader, John Finley, who in years gone by had ranged all through the hidden land. To Boone and his scarcely less eager neighbors Finley described a country—which he called Kentucky—watered by magnificent streams, garbed in a marvelously luxurious herbage, splendidly timbered, aud abounding in all sorts of game. It was, to be sure, a dark and bloody ground, a no-man's land, over which hostile tribes hunted and warred. But its exploration would well repay the risks involved, and he assured them that he knew a path leading to it—a path scarce deserving of the name, but still a path. Now followed days and nights of story-telling and discussion, and soon a little band of frontiersmen—only six, including Finley—had pledged themselves to make the long pilgrimage.

May Day, 1769—a date memorable in the annals of American expansion—they left their homes, and, crossing in turn the Blue Ridge and Stone and Iron Mountains, made their way to Powell's Valley, at that time the farthest limit of white habitation. Thence, under Finley's skillful guidance, they passed to Cumberland Gap, and through the gap by a hunter's trail, which finally brought them to the so-called warriors' trail. Following this, and journeying leisurely, they reached a small tributary of the Kentucky River, and here—perhaps because of the beauty of the surrounding country—they established their camp. Boone's autobiography, dictated to the Kentucky historian, John Filson, is rich in passages revealing the profound impression made on him and his fellows by the novelty and picturesqueness of the scenes in which the party found themselves. But they were not sentimentalists. They were rugged, hardy backwoodsmen, who had come to hunt and explore. And they were speedily disillusioned of any idea that the western paradise was without its evils. Indian "signs" were to be seen on every side, and more than "signs." Hunting with his brother-in-law, John Stuart, Boone was surprised by a large band of Shawnees, and, with Stuart, was forced to lead them to the camp and watch its greedy plundering. A week of anxious captivity followed before his native cunning contrived a way of escape. Men of less stubborn



BOONESBOROUGH FERRY, ESTABLISHED IN 1779

The road across the river led to the fort; the ridge in the background faced the fort

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mold would have taken the hint and abandoned the enterprise. The travelers from the Yadkin calmly went about the task of replenishing their stores.

Thus a year passed ere there was any thought of return. Then three of the adventurers, satisfied with their spoils, bade farewell to the canebrakes and grasses; but the others still lingered, intent on discovery and intoxicated by the untrammeled freedom of their new life. And when they, too, took the long trail back, one remained—the intrepid Boone. For him solitude in the wilderness held no terrors; to him, as he trod the verdant carpet beneath the arching trees, it was no wilderness, but a land of promise. Already, we may easily imagine, he had reached the resolution to recross the distant mountains only for the purpose of bringing out his wife and children and carving for them a new home in this pleasant country where all nature seemed to smile. True prototype of the bold individualism that had already entered into the American blood, he felt an abiding self-confidence and independence, and asked no odds of any man. What though the farthest bound of civilization lay far behind him! It must surely be advanced, and he would advance not with but before it.

Willingly would we follow this unlettered, rough, uncouth, leather-stockinged forerunner of the coming age in his solitary wanderings and in the adventures that befell him when, having returned to the Yadkin, he found himself immersed in another Indian campaign. But we must hasten to the moment of his reappearance in Kentucky, no longer as a member of a small exploring party, but as guide to a determined company of pioneers. It was fitting, in truth, that the palisaded settlement which they located near the Kentucky River should be named Boonesborough; and fitting also that, as he often proudly asserted, his wife and daughters should be the first white women to stand on the banks of that stream. He had, however, brought his loved ones to a life far harder than even the stern existence that had been their lot before. "Brothers," said the Cherokee chieftain with whom the settlers bargained for their land, "it is a goodly country we give you, but we fear you will not find it easy to hold." This prediction was justified from the outset. Added to the natural difficulties incidental to the occupation of a virgin territory was the implacable hostility of the tribes who with reason feared this invasion of their hunting grounds. Boonesborough, like the other settlements now forming, was soon a center of savage warfare. The colonist, venturing from the shelter of the friendly stockade, did so with the knowledge that his life might be the price of his daring. The woods about teemed with red men, who, fortunately for the pioneers, lacked the strategic power that would have given them easy mastery. As it was, and despite this ever-present menace, the men from the East not merely held their ground but steadily received recruits ready, like themselves, to face all perils for the sake of a home where, as Boone tersely phrased it, they would have elbow room and breathing space.

It is a grim but not wholly unattractive picture that has come down to us of the life the pathfinder and his comrades led, and a picture that affords a clearer understanding of the results that have flowed from this eighteenth-century migration. It was not all hunting and fighting, although hunting and fighting were long its most conspicuous elements. There were times, which became more frequent and of greater duration as the colonies were strengthened, when the Indian withdrew completely; and in such times the work of cultivation went on apace. So soon as safety permitted, and often before it was really safe, there were dispersals from the parent settlements. It was every man's ambition to have a piece of land that he could call his own; and, being usually an agriculturist, it was his desire to have at least as large a holding as he and his children could work. Under the powerful stimulation of this twofold ideal of owning and working, great openings appeared where before had been unbroken forest, and the haunts of the buffalo and the deer were transformed into plowed fields and profitable pastures. Resting his rifle against a convenient stump, eye and ear alert for the least untoward sight or sound, the pioneer

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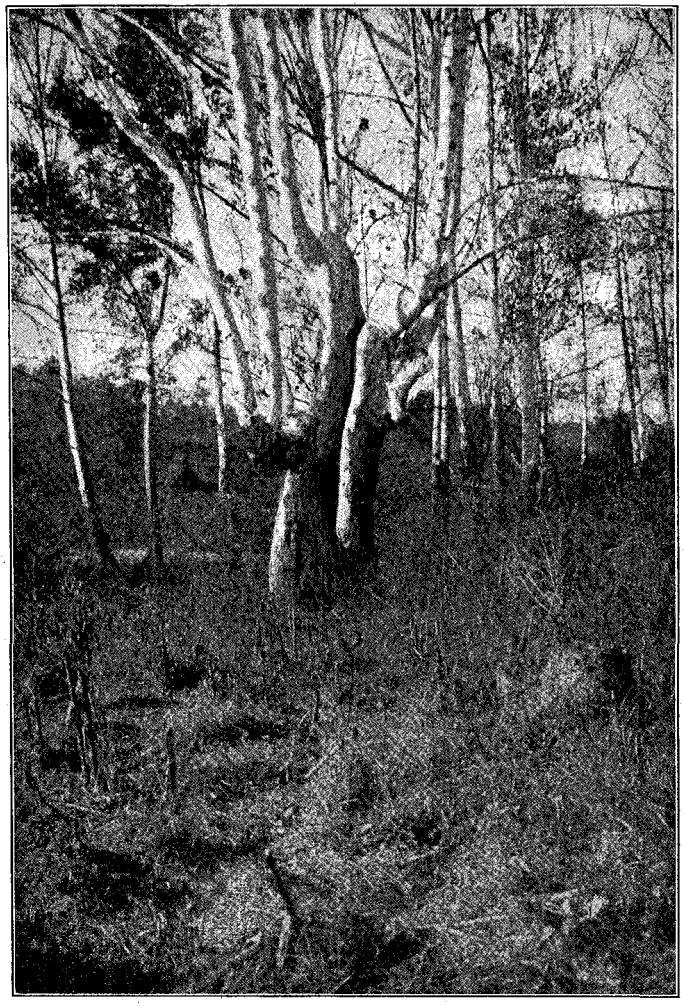
pressed the advantage his hardihood had gained. And in his labors, as in his simple joys, his wife and sons and daughters bore their part.

Thus was born and fostered an even more intense spirit of independence and individualism than had been developed in the coastal days—days, indeed, resembling these, but infinitely less trying. Then the pioneer always had at his back the familiar sea, on which he could rely did the elements or man render his position untenable. Now he had put the sea far behind him, while between him and it lay a mountain wall and hundreds of miles of well-nigh impassable wilderness. Small wonder that, taking account of the dangers passed and the obstacles conquered, his confidence in himself increased and, dimly enough at first, he began to crave further tests of his power. But, be it observed, his self-containedness and self-reliance were not accompanied by any loss of the social sentiment. On the contrary, in his rude settlements there was a greater solidarity of interests than more advanced communities can boast. The consciousness of isolation, if nothing else, tended to draw the people closer together. Was there a cabin to be built, willing hands united to lighten the burden. Was there a crop to be harvested, corn to be husked, a merry party quickly came together. Was there



THE FAMOUS OLD SYCAMORE

The only surviving witness of the rise and fall of Boonesborough

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a death to be mourned, a grave dug, rough but kindly voices condoled with the bereaved, strong arms gently lowered the old friend to his last sleeping-place. And did the Indian threaten, swift riders galloped from farm to farm, warning their inhabitants to find safety in the communal stockade.

Such alarms grew frequent with the outbreak of the War for Independence, and the consequent invasion of the Kentucky country by the Indian allies of the British. Nor did respite come until George Rogers Clark executed his magnificent project of conquering the posts in the northwest. Boone did not follow Clark in his heroic march across the drowned lands of the Wabash, but only for the reason that he was at the time a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. With some thirty other Kentuckians, he had been taken captive at the Licking River, whither he had gone to make the salt of which his settlement stood in sore need. Happily, his reputation as a hunter and fighter insured him kind treatment. More than this, it earned for him, though much against his will, the high honor of adoption into the tribe by which he had been taken captive. Nothing in Boone's altogether astonishing career is more remarkable than the course he now pursued. The art of concealment had not been the least of the acquisitions of his long years of adventure, and with every outward sign of delight and enthusiasm he submitted to the painful ceremonies by which his white blood was "washed out" and his transformation into a full-fledged warrior effected. Soon, so successful was he in dissembling his true feelings, his captors came to regard him with a real affection. He hunted with them, smoked with them, feasted with them, in the paint and regalia of a veritable brave. But all the time his heart was in far-away Kentucky; and when he learned that a descent was planned on the post which had been named after him, and which was the only protection of those most dear to him, he realized that escape must be no longer delayed. Secreting a little venison and starting for the hunt as was his wont, he struck boldly off. Well he knew pursuit would be instant and vindictive, for the Indians would view his flight as the blackest ingratitude. Doubling on his tracks, fording streams, utilizing every resource at the command of the skilled woodsman to baffle a following enemy, he pressed steadily ahead, unmindful of hunger, fatigue, or injury. Five days afterwards, famished, footsore, and bleeding, he staggered into Boonesborough, where he came as one risen from the dead. A few hurried, incoherent words, and the settlers understood. When the Indians appeared, they found the fort in readiness for them, and though the siege they laid was long and crafty, it ended in their discomfited retreat.

The climax of Boone's career as an Indian-fighting pioneer came with the battle of the Blue Licks, one of the bloodiest and most disastrous in the annals of border warfare, and the miserable sequel to an event memorable as revealing to an unexampled degree the heroism of the mothers and daughters of the early West. One morning the inhabitants of an outlying post awoke to find themselves surrounded by some three or four hundred warriors, mostly fierce Wyandottes, under the command of the infamous renegade Simon Girty. Girty, it soon became apparent, hoped to gain an easy victory by feigning an attack at the main gate, and, when this should draw out the garrison, making the real assault with the remainder of his force, whom he would meantime keep hidden in the forest. Promptly the veteran backwoodsmen arranged a counter-ruse. But first it was necessary to procure a supply of water, for without water they knew they could not withstand what was likely to prove a protracted siege. And for water, unfortunately, they were dependent on a spring in the very midst of the lurking Indians.

It was now that the women proved their mettle. Hazarding their lives on the chance that the ambushed foe would make no move until battle were given to the attacking party, they sallied out, bucket in hand, and in single file moved up the narrow trail to the spring. They could plainly discern the glint of the rifles in the undergrowth, the waving feathers, the tawny forms, but never an

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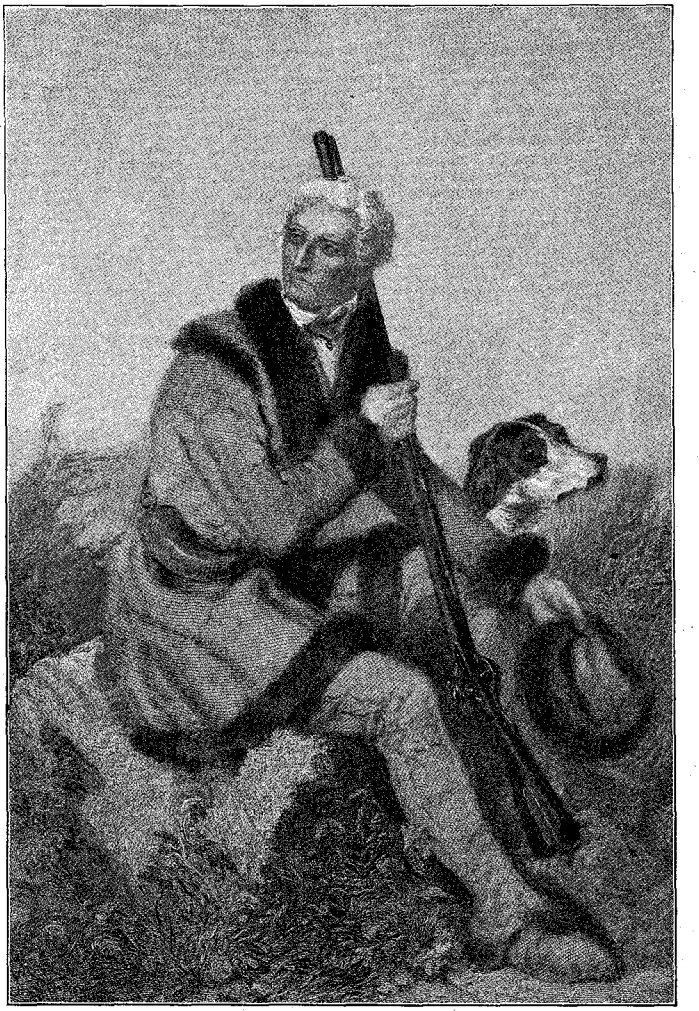
indication did they give of the horror and dread that held their souls. One by one, chatting and laughing with sublime control, they reached the spring, dipped up its limpid water, and returned, heroines whose noble deed deserves to be forever remembered, not in Kentucky alone, but in all the land. With their return the garrison acted. Shouting and hallooing to give an exaggerated idea of their number, a handful of volunteers hurried after the retreating Indians; and then, as the war-whoop went up from the woods behind and a savage troop hurled itself forward, a deadly volley blazed from the stockade, carrying to Girty ample and fearful intimation that his plans had miscarried, with all that was implied thereby.

Before nightfall, warned that relief expeditions were hurrying from Boonesborough and other settlements, the copper-colored foe withdrew, to be overtaken two days later, just after they had crossed the Licking River at the lower Blue Licks The country hereabouts was singularly wild and difficult, lending itself admirably to purposes of ambuscade, and Boone, who commanded part of the little army, was of the opinion that it would be well to await reinforcements before continuing the pursuit. But rasher counsels prevailed. Spurring his horse into the river, another officer



DANIEL BOONE
From an imaginative painting by Chappell

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called on all who were not cowards to follow him, and, stung by the taunt, the Kentuckians cast prudence to the winds, forded the Licking, and rushed tumultuously up the barren bluffs on its opposite side. Here a semblance of order was restored, and a march begun along a ridge that was flanked on each side by densely wooded ravines, reaching down to the edge of the river, which at this point took a wide circular sweep.

In these ravines the Indians lay so skillfully concealed that not an inkling of their presence was had until the pursuers were almost upon them. Then the first knowledge came in a hail of bullets, fired at close range and inflicting terrible loss. The next moment the entrapped pioneers were in hand-to-hand conflict with a foe much stronger and not a whit less courageous than they. There could be but one issue. Breaking, they fled precipitately back to the river, the triumphant Wyandottes fast on their heels. Boone, who stood his ground until the flight became general, had the agonizing experience of seeing his son fall mortally wounded by his side. Heedless of his own danger, he stooped, lifted him from the ground, and bore him swiftly down the rocky slope and into the Licking. Above him the massacre continued, about him the bullets rained—his one thought was of the child that had been, the man that was, gasping and groaning in his arms. In vain his devotion, in vain his muttered prayer. Before the river was crossed the death agony had come, and, with a hurried farewell caress, he laid his inanimate burden on the bank and sought refuge in the forest, making his way by toilsome stages to the post whence the expedition had set out with such high hopes. And there, to his greater sorrow and wrath, he found the reinforcements whose coming he had urged his companions to await. The Indians had done their bloody work and had escaped. All that remained was to revisit the battle-ground and bury the mutilated, unrecognizable dead.

Yet there was a little more which could in time be done, and Boone played his part in the doing of it. One thousand strong, mounted and armed, the settlers met together from all sections of the western country, crossed the border, and hastened northwards, not halting until they reached the Indian towns of Chillicothe, Pickaway, and Willstown. Before their advance the tribesmen melted away, leaving the avengers to plunder and destroy at will. Great was the desolation they wrought—so great that never again did the red men attempt to invade Kentucky in force. The Battle of the Blue Licks and its aftermath marked, in fact, a turning-point in the history of the settlement of the Middle West. Thereafter, though for long there were sporadic raids, and though for long the Indian continued to roam and slay, the future complete predominance of the white man was assured. And in this knowledge we may well take leave of the settlers and their pathfinder, for whom Fate still held in store much that was romantic and adventurous, and who, in a ripe old age, was to die as he had lived—well in advance of civilization, and with his gaze turned steadfastly in the direction of the setting sun.

Thus, by men and women of blood and iron, simple folk but brave and true, was the first expansion movement undertaken and completed; thus, in sorrow and suffering, by privation, sacrifice, and almost incredible heroism, was the ground broken for the great harvest of the future.

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TAKAHIRA: STUDENT AND AMBASSADOR

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE Japanese have the potencies of at least two "white" races in their composite. Beyond all doubt or cavil, their Aryan inheritances in blood and race traits are rich. Their Semitic affiliations are more than probable. If clear vision, tenacity, and perseverance be Aryan traits, then Takahira is rich even to the ideal standard. His life story shows quiet determination, in steady march to the goal, both as boy student and as imperial envoy. Courtesy and ability to see all around a question, and especially the other man's side of it, mark his career.

Kogoro Takahira, who succeeds Aoki as Ambassador of the Emperor of Japan in Washington, knows us Americans pretty thoroughly. After five years of his earlier manhood as Secretary of Legation in Washington, a year in New York as Consul-General, and with five years' experience as Minister Plenipotentiary in Washington, with knowledge of realities in Korea, Holland, and Italy, he will be no stranger to the curiosities of American civilization. The yellow newspapers, the winds and waves of opinion, the talk of the clubs, the various "situations" on the Pacific coast, whether of labor or of politics, of bluster or of calm judgment, are familiar to him.

Takahira was born in the year that ushered in friendship between the United States and Japan, for Commodore Perry had by his wisdom and conciliation satisfied the Japanese that "the American barbarians would not proceed to acts of violence." One of the comparatively few northern men reaching high office, his home was in Iwate prefecture in the northeast of Japan. Here is Morioka, where one of the last great struggles between the Aryan Ainu and the Yamato, or, as we might say, the Semitic-Malay race, took place in A.D. 801, the victor, Tamura, being thereupon created the first Tai Shogun, or Tycoon.

Takahira was one of the bright-eyed lads who, in the early seventies, gathered from every province of the Empire in Tokyo, under Verbeck and the American teachers. Dressed in silk haori and hakama, the loose-flowing robes of the samurai, each with the two swords of the gentleman, on sandal or clog, yet in the spirit of the new age, and braving age-old feudal fashion, wearing clipped hair instead of gun-hammer top-knots, they were already as well trained in the ethics of Bushido as in the exercise of weapons and jiu-jitsu. The plan was to shut up twenty or thirty lads in a room, and on the sea of the English language give them a life-preserver, in the form of an interpreter, during six months. After that they must swim for themselves. I had myself the picked students, for my own work was in chemistry and physics. Komura, now Ambassador in London, much longer than Takahira, was under my charge. I can remember the latter as an exceedingly polite, eager lad, who took his education seriously, while yet full of play at the right time.

Takahira's whole adult lifetime has been given to the work of diplomacy, for on leaving the University in 1876 he entered the Foreign Office as translator. He studied men and the aims of nations as well as books. Foreign polices were incarnated in the Ministers accredited to Japan. The outside public, for example, might be profoundly impressed with the French Minister's brace of gigantic postilions, who rode beside his carriage to overawe the "little brown men" by such colossal specimens of humanity from afar. Takahira, on the other hand, would be very likely to compare the rather diminutive specimens in the rank and file of the red-trousered little sons of Mars who occasionally marched up and down the Tokaido from the camp at Yokohama.

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KOGORO TAKAHIRA

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One must understand these earlier years in order to realize the gravity of Takahira's task, and also to perceive that Japan's alleged "Jingoism" is mostly the figment of our own yellow journals. The young diplomat's training was not only inside the Foreign Office among seals and parchments. Every Japanese patriot, stung with shame, quivered under the long humiliation of extra-territoriality. This was the time of the old school of diplomacy, of fiery Sir Harry Parkes, and the France of Napoleon III., which burned its diplomatic fingers in an offer of military aid to the rebels of 1868 against the Mikado. For many long years, to the wrath of the Japanese, the British redcoats were camped on the bluff at Yokohama, while below was a permanent body of French marines. German ironclads flouted Japan's law of hygiene, and convoyed infected German merchant ships. This was before our own Bingham of Ohio, face to face and knee to knee, and with hand on shoulder of certain of Tokyo's great men, had advised stiffening of the Japanese backbone. It antedated Grant's judgment, given outspokenly in Tokyo, that foreign war vessels defying the laws of Japan should be fired on and sunk.

This was the day, too, and Takahira was in Tokyo during the whole time, when, like a bevy of frightened rabbits, the whole body of foreign Ministers had fled from the capital to Yokohama to be under the guns of men-of-war. Thus even the Imperial and National Government of the Mikado was discredited and humiliated. In the Japanese faces of to day we read the long story of insults patiently borne and of victory quietly won.

Coming back to the United States as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, in March, 1903, when the Philippines were our possession, Takahira gave a fine address in Philadelphia on "The Position of Japan in the Far East," welcoming the United States, "which has never shirked responsibility in its international relations," as "a member of the sisterhood of Eastern nations," whose aims "we know," said he, "are identical with our own." Never was a truer word spoken.

I met Takahira last in Washington, July 28, 1904, in Arlington, on that beautiful Thursday afternoon when our own Admiral Taylor was laid to rest. He called to mind what I had forgotten, thanking me for an article I had written showing Japan's diplomacy during a thousand years and her humane policy, and especially her regard for forms of international law. The world will some day wake up to the fact that even China and Japan, which have had dealings with each other and with scores of neighbor, subject, or trading nations, had international law before Grotius. China had her own laws of nations during two thousand years. In the same month, on a later call at the Legation, I uttered my faith that, in the war with Russia, the success of the Japanese on land and sea was a matter belonging rather to science than to the doctrine of chances.

Unfortunately, the long strain broke down the health of the Japanese Minister, and he had to submit to an operation for appendicitis, from which he rallied sufficiently to meet his former schoolmate Komura at Oyster Bay, and to carry to an end the negotiations at Portsmouth, while facing his old friend from Tokyo, Baron Rosen. Then, being in imperative need of recuperation, he was, at his own request, relieved of his post at Washington. The Emperor rewarded him by at once nominating him a member of the House of Peers, making him Baron, and, as soon as health was re-established, sending him once more to his old post at Rome, where, if newspaper accounts are correct, he has not been happy. At a time when all the wisdom of Japan and the United States may be necessary to settle impending questions, the envoy who is by training, temperament, and abilities most probably the best man suited for the work, is called to Washington. With his cultivated wife, at the Legation on N Street, Takahira may be trusted to do his part well in cementing international friendship.

Personally, after forty years' knowledge of the Japanese at home and abroad, I believe that they will gain social as they have already by sheer merit won other forms of equality, and the race and world will be the better for it.

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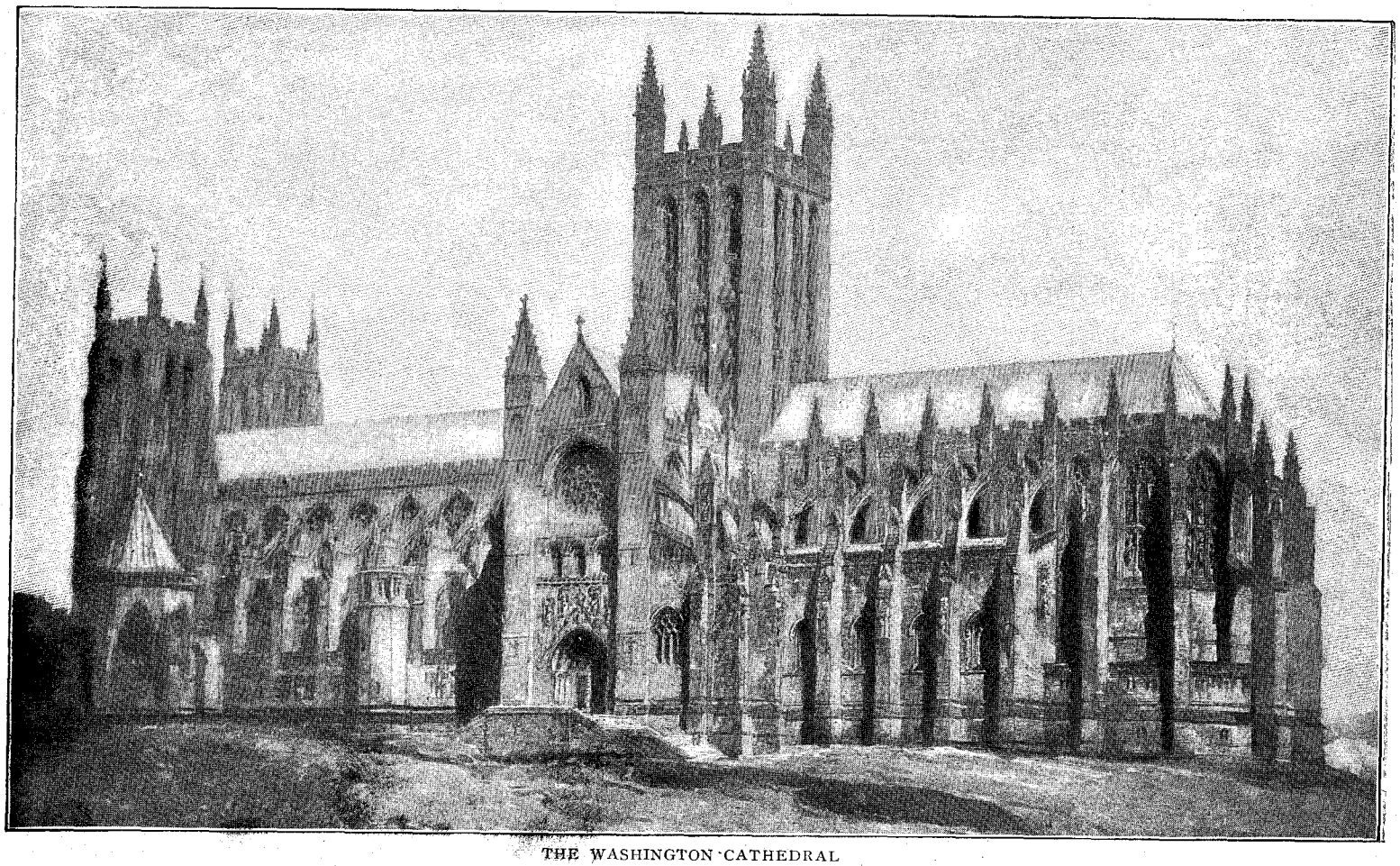

THE WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

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The Washington Cathedral

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS

MR. Henry Vaughan has been called the apostle of a new architectural dispensation. He would better be called the restorer of an old. Certainly he should thus be known when the Washington Cathedral is erected.

George Washington himself had in mind the erection of a Cathedral in our "Federal City"—a name by which our National Capital was once called. At least so affirms Pierre de l'Enfant, the French architect whom he employed. The site was chosen, but was afterwards appropriated to the erection of the present Patent Office.

Because of the practical reason of serving the present center of population we may be sorry that the Cathedral was not begun a hundred years ago and more on that site. For æsthetic reasons, however, we may be glad that in our day it has just been begun on another and a loftier site, one hallowed by religious associations extending back to the time when Joseph Nourse, Washington's friend and the first Registrar of the Treasury, was wont to go of a Sunday afternoon and read his Bible under the trees on the long hill-slope to the west of the city and wonder whether, on some future day, a church might not arise there. His dream came true; for, years afterwards, St. John's Church School, with a little chapel, was erected upon the spot. It was followed by St. Alban's, the first entirely free church in the District of Columbia. Nine years ago the whole property of many acres, now called Mount St. Alban, was purchased by the trustees of the Cathedral Foundation. Hence the Cathedral, with its surrounding buildings, will be like "a city set on a hill." Some of those buildings already exist—the Cathedral School for Girls, the Cathedral Choir School for Boys, the Little Sanctuary, etc. Some are to be erected—the Baptistery, the Chapter-House, etc. The architectural mass will be the more imposing when we consider that the Cathedral's roof-line will appear about on a level with the top of the Washington Monument. The Cathedral will thus be, on the western horizon, a pendant to what the Capitol is on the eastern horizon.

Had the Cathedral been erected upon the Patent Office site, the architecture attempted would very likely have followed the ideals of Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones in their adaptation of Palladio. In George Washington's time Bullfinch and other architects were giving to America in such structures as the Massachusetts Hospital in Boston, the Capitol at Washington, in many small churches and private residences, monumental, admirable, indeed unexcelled examples of the Colonial or Georgian period. But such architecture would not have met the demands of a cathedral as does the ideal of earlier architects, who evolved a type unmatched for majesty and beauty, even if, because of pillars and aisles, deficient in acoustic properties. Indeed, some old cathedrals must perforce have three pulpits, one in the choir for very small audiences, one for larger congregations at one of the piers of the central towers, and, for great audiences, one half-way down the nave. If a church exists primarily for preaching, the limitations of a Gothic cathedral as contrasted with a modern public hall may be regretted. But in the minds of cathedral-builders, ancient and modern, a church exists primarily for worship. It is erected not so much for the reception by great congregations of instruction from man, far-reaching as is its

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value, as for the soul's personal, individual outpouring in prayer and praise. These devotional purposes would seem to be better met by a noble, historic, Christian architecture than by present-day adaptations of pagan and secular auditoria to church uses. For, as Bishop Satterlee well says in describing the ideal of his proposed Washington minster, a cathedral is a distinctively religious building which is to point to Christ, not only when great congregations are present, but when they are absent, and to exercise the spell of its religious influence every day and every hour of the day upon all who enter its doors.

However men may differ about a church interior, the exterior, of course, makes the first appeal. There has been an increasing feeling that pseudo-Greek and Roman adaptations do not interpret the uplift and spirituality of present-day religion any more than they interpret Christian historicity and continuity. Yet all these things should be expressed in the exteriors of every chapel, church, and cathedral reared in our day. We need an incorporation in stone of the actual Christian spirit, conscious, first, of underlying and essential unity amid unessential differences; conscious, secondly, of its own intensity, and, finally, of its unquenchable aspiration for freedom. To express unity, intensity, freedom, no coldly intellectual architecture suffices, an imitation of classic and pagan times; certainly no confused and flippant ephemeral styles will answer; we need, rather, that type of a purely Christian architecture realized by the cathedral-builders of the Middle Ages, and in particular by that great man, William of Wykeham, who was at once architect and bishop. In his cathedral at Winchester one is certainly conscious of the basic principles of the house of God, a temple reared about an altar whereon are celebrated the mysteries and symbols of the Christian faith and where the majesty of the Divine Presence is felt, a temple in which spiritual emotion is aroused through environment, a temple which brings out the fullest expression of the religious spirit dominant in man, a temple whose union of massive stability and romantic beauty induces worshipers to new vitality of religious life.

It is noteworthy that the Bishop of Washington and his Committee, in their endeavor to realize these ideals, have put themselves on record in declaring their purpose to be threefold: (1) to provide "a House of Prayer for all people," to be "forever free and open, and welcoming all who enter its doors to hear the glad tidings of the Kingdom of Heaven, and to worship God in spirit and in truth; . . . (2) the Bishop's church, in which his cathedra (seat) is placed; . . . (3) a church maintaining the fourfold work of a cathedral, viz.: Worship, under the guidance of a Precentor; Missions, under the guidance of a Missioner; Education, under the guidance of a Chancellor; Charity, under the guidance of an Almoner."

With this ideal in view, the Bishop and Committee selected the late Dr. Bodley, R.A., of London, and his disciple, Mr. Henry Vaughan, of Boston, leaders in the healthy reaction from an unchurchly architecture, to prepare and present designs for the Cathedral. As was expected, the architects chose as style the decorated Gothic of the fourteenth century, which is particularly well represented by Exeter Cathedral in England. While the name "decorated" might lead to the opinion that this is the most lavishly exuberant in ornamentation of all Gothic styles, it really stands for a greater balance than does the less ornamented Early English, or the more ornamented Perpendicular styles which preceded and followed it. Even if its small buildings are rich all over, in its larger it is apt to concentrate ornateness instead of spreading it, and realizes the strength and repose conveyed by plenty of plain surface. Perhaps better than any other style, it satisfies men's ideals of height, breadth, and expansion. The Washington Cathedral, in its proportion of parts, its long line of clerestory windows with the triforium gallery underneath, continuing around the apse, and then the "long-drawn aisles" still beneath, upon which will fall an exquisite play of light and shade leading from the doorways of the west front to the apsidal

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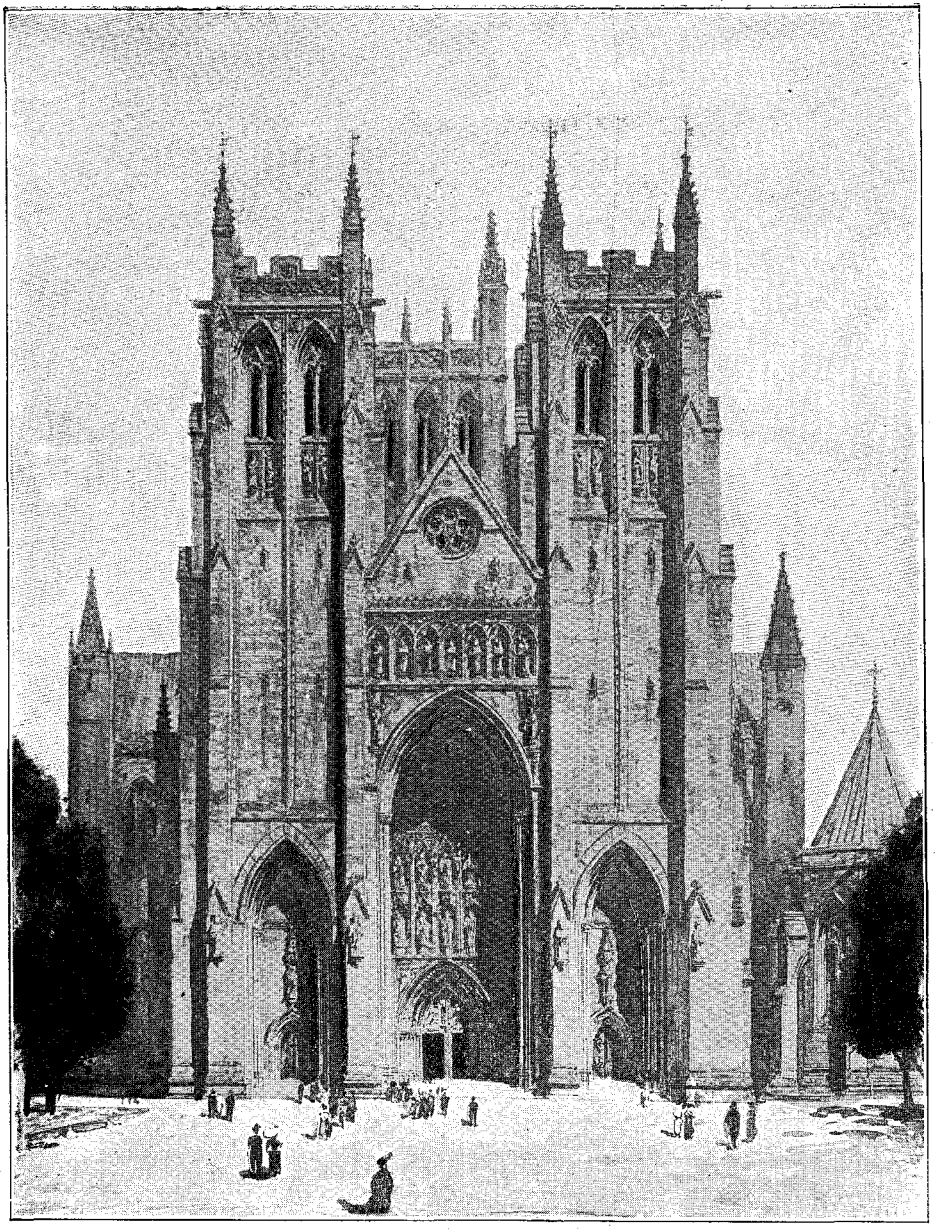

THE MAIN **FAÇADE**

chancel, with the great central tower towards which the flying buttresses point, with even the window tracery and the enrichment and carving of crocket and finial—each of these individual expressions will accentuate these ideals, just as we may have felt them realized at Canterbury or York, Rheims or Cologne. In other words, the passion of religious building which makes the Gothic Age stand out beyond all others is to be typified for us in Washington by the erection of a fane not only characteristic of the best period of church architecture but with an individuality all its own.

This individuality will be in no small measure due to its site. The Cathedral is to stand on the highest part of Mount St. Alban, nearly four hundred feet above the Potomac. The building will cover

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THE NAVE

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an acre and a half of land sloping away in every direction. Hence the exquisite architecture will have an exquisite setting, not only because it will be seen from far-distant places, but also because it will have that which is such an indispensable adjunct to many an English cathedral, the environment of greensward, shrubbery, and trees. Thus the cathedral will be the embodiment of what, like the fourteenth century, is a really romantic age, an idealistic age, though so generally supposed to be one of science. The lovely surroundings will also enhance the effect of unity which comes from the compound structure, a unity transfiguring vaultings and arches, portals and windows, pinnacles and towers alike in a proportion of harmony, the result of which, to the onlooker, can be nothing else than an inspiration of serenity and peace.

The central tower will rise two hundred and twenty feet, while the height of the nave to the internal apex of the stone vaulting will be ninety-three feet. We do not always appreciate the fact that religious ideal is often more affected by architectural height than by breadth or extension. One reason why Westminster Abbey has always been religiously and æsthetically as well as historically impressive is because its nave is the highest of any English cathedral. The nave of the Washington Cathedral will be within ten feet as high as that of the Abbey. The great minster is to be four hundred and eighty feet in length, a proportion all the more impressive because of the continuous height of the main or central part, namely, the nave, choir, and apse. In some cathedrals, Ely, for instance, the roof is broken by a glimpse into the interior of the great central tower at the crossing of the nave and transepts. This open lantern is a famous sound-swallower, and is thus abhorred by preachers; indeed, a large wooden fan is generally erected in English cathedrals behind the pulpit. In the Washington Cathedral there will be a continuous groined roof from the portico on the west to the apse on the east. Hence, in the judgment of the Bishop, chapter, and architects, not only will the æsthetic unity of the interior be enhanced, but the "Common Prayer" ideal of the Anglican communion will be far more adequately realized in the unbroken protection and embrace of the roof.

Thus the Cathedral will be, as it should be, as far as possible, one equally important in the worlds of art and of religion. But it is to be more—a National Church, "a House of Prayer for All People." In a city of great structures necessarily devoted to the State's use, such a fane should inspire mingled religious and patriotic feelings. In its very size the Cathedral is to be catholic and national, a place for "all," not for "some," people. Its double-aisled nave transepts and choir will accommodate a standing throng of over twenty-seven thousand persons—five thousand more than St. Paul's, London, can hold. Thus the Cathedral is to have about the same area as York Minster—larger than most of the European cathedrals. Doubtless, too, statues, bas-relief, and other works to be placed in and about the Cathedral will commemorate not merely Christian worthies, but also distinctively American statesmen, soldiers, and historical incidents in our National life. As Pierre de l'Enfant said of his proposed church, "It will likewise be a shelter for monuments . . . for the heroes who fell in the cause of liberty."

Fortunately, in emphasizing the Cathedral's popular and National significance as a place of worship for all men, there is a natural open-air amphitheater on the Close, almost directly under the minster's foundation. The acoustic properties of this open-air amphitheater are so remarkable that a congregation equal in size to any the Cathedral can hold may hear every word of a church service. When Mount St. Alban was finally purchased for the Cathedral, the first open-air service was held. After President McKinley had made an appropriate salutation, Bishop Doane, of Albany (who is believed to have done more for cathedral life in America than has any other person), delivered the first open-air sermon ever preached on the Close. Thereupon open-air services were held in the place every Sunday afternoon. The congregation always numbered hundreds, and

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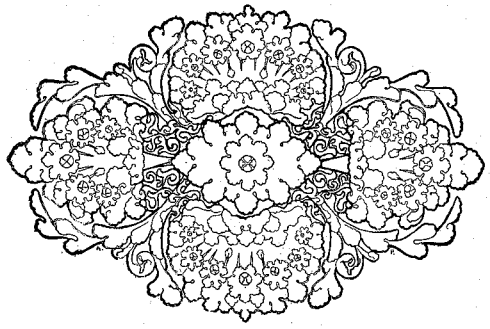
sometimes thousands, *largely composed of non-church-goers*. There was much congregational singing, led by a choir and a detachment of the Marine Band; and the short sermons were generally delivered by Chaplain Pierce, U. S. A. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached there not long ago to a throng of about thirty-five thousand persons, and was so much impressed that he has now given a pulpit to the Cathedral in memory of the occasion, and particularly in eulogy of his great predecessor in the see of Canterbury, Archbishop Langton, who in 1215 led the Barons when they forced King John at Runnymede to grant a Magna Charta. But Stephen Langton has another if less conspicuous claim to fame, for he was the first to divide the Bible into chapters.

But the Cathedral, though long before its completion, already possesses objects of historic interest—for instance, the Cathedra, or Bishop's Chair, formed out of stones taken from the Abbey Church at Glastonbury, England, a place which comes to mind with the earliest foundations of Christianity in England, for it is connected with traditions of Joseph of Arimathea, with the Arthur legends, and with the original British Church. Hence the Bishop's chair typifies the union between the American and English churches. But it typifies more than this, for on its central panel is engraved the famous quadrilateral basis for a common church unity among all Christians—the Bible, the Apostles' Creed, the Sacrament, and the Apostolic Order in the ministry.

More important still is the altar—to be the central object in the Cathedral, but now housed in the Little Sanctuary. The altar was hewn from the quarries of Solomon in Judea, the same out of which the walls of the old Jewish temple were built. These quarries are close to Jerusalem, and especially to "the place which is called Calvary." This "Jerusalem altar," therefore, on which the Last Supper is symbolized and celebrated, is thus most appropriately associated with the place of our Lord's crucifixion.

The baptismal font is also already provided. It is very large, for it is intended as well for immersion, and its pavement is made of stones brought from the Jordan at the ford where Christ was baptized.

Thus the great minster, in its furnishing as well as its fabric, is being slowly evolved—not built all at once, but piece by piece fitly joined together—into a poetic, patriotic, historic, æsthetic, religious whole.



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THE BRIGADIER[1]

BY IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

THE lover of Thackeray seats himself in one of the chairs that line the Lichtenthaler Allee in Baden-Baden with the feeling that Ethel and Clive Newcome may ride past with the flush of the troubled romance of their brilliant youth upon them in the famous resort of all fashionable Europe a century ago. As he passes through Schiller-Strasse he may read, if he will, an inscription on a house which testifies that Tourguéneff spent certain years under its roof. "Smoke" was written there. No novelists of the first rank are further apart in method than the authors of "The Newcomes" and of "Smoke." One painted on a great canvas, with a passion for detail which in hands less skillful would have obscured the large outlines of his work; the other painted on the smallest scale which any man of his rank has used. Tourguéneff's genius for selection was so unerring that he conveys the impression of putting everything into his picture; while, as a matter of fact, he leaves everything out save the most significant and suggestive. Thackeray needed three volumes in which to move his figures; Tourguéneff deploys them with perfect ease in a single book of the most moderate compass. One wrote with what is called a free pen; the other with a self-restraint almost without a parallel among novelists of the first order. Both observed with the most searching impartiality; both gave full weight to those facts of life which invoke the play of irony; both rose without effort above the morass of sentimentality; both were men of deep feeling and reverence for loyalty, honor, love, and devotion—the highest reaches of character. The work of both shows what perfection of art may be attained by totally different methods.

For Tourguéneff was pre-eminently an artist. In the last hours of an agonizing illness he wrote to Tolstoy: "I have been, I am, on my death-bed. I have no false hopes. I know there is no cure. Let this serve to tell you that I rejoice to have been your contemporary, and to make of you one supreme last request, to which you must not turn a deaf ear. Go back, dear friend, to your literary work. The gift you have is from above, whence comes every good gift we possess. . . . My friend, great and beloved writer in Russian lands, hear my prayer!" If Tolstoy had remained an artist instead of becoming a reformer, if he had continued to speak the language which Heaven put into his mouth instead of taking a local moral dialect, we should have had successors to "Anna Karénina," with its tremendous ethical implications, instead of that powerful but short-lived tract, "Resurrection."

Tourguéneff was perhaps the most thoroughly poised artist who has used fiction as a medium of expression; he was artist enough to rest securely in his commission to follow the lines of beauty in the faith that for him they would be also the lines of truth. It is immensely significant that his "Memoirs of a Sportsman," published in 1852, and almost as free from the polemic note as "Liza," was a most effective

[1] The translation of "The Brigadier," chosen for reproduction here, is by Constance Garnett, and is used with the permission of the Macmillan Company.

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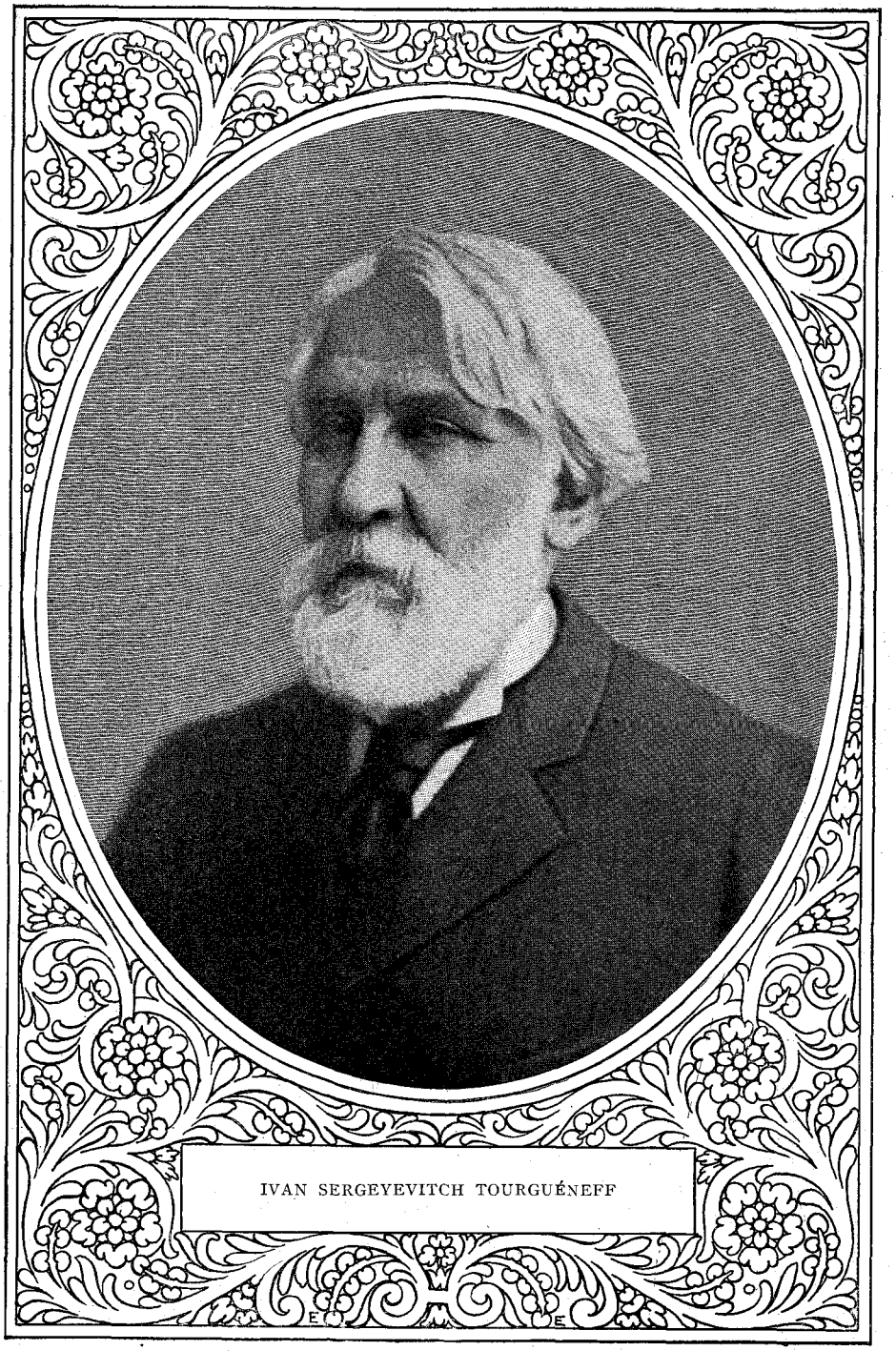

IVAN SERGEYEVITCH TOURGUÉNEFF

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appeal for the emancipation of the serfs, and is said to have made a very deep impression on the Emperor Nicholas, at a time when he was giving the matter anxious thought.

It is equally significant that this sensitive and accomplished artist was in an almost unique sense the voice of his country. Speaking at the open grave of Tourguéneff, in October, 1883, Renan described him as the conscience of a people, the incarnation of a race, the voice of many centuries, the interpreter of the Slavonic race, whose entrance on the stage of the world, he said, was the most astounding event of the century. The word Russia is the title of a colossal tragedy, chapters of which bear the names of Gogol, Dostoyevski, Tolstoy; but of that tragedy as it works out in frustration of character, paralysis of will, futility of temperament, Tourguéneff is the supreme reporter. If he had set out to tell the story as a journalist bent on immediate effectiveness, it would have been too poignant to be borne; if he had approached it with the temper of a reformer, he would have sacrificed the immense effectiveness of dispassionate truth; fortunately, he dealt with it as a man of penetrating observation, warm heart, responsive imagination; involved by instinct, association, and affection with the social order he described, but with an artist's power of selection, sanity, and poise; and the product is not a group of eloquent or indignant pleas, but a shelf-full of masterpieces in which the soul of Russia lies reflected as in a magic mirror. He is a prime example, on the one hand, of the wisdom of keeping to one's vocation, and, on the other, of the illuminating sympathy between a great artist and his race. Loving art for its own sake and devoutly pursuing it, more than any other writer of his country he laid bare its colossal tragedy.

The son of a country gentleman and living in childhood an eager out-of-door life with hunters and peasants, brought up on the soil and gathering all its mysteries of change and beauty into his young imagination, Tourguéneff saw with his own eyes the scenes he was later to describe with such realistic exactness and such poetic sensibility, and heard with his own ears the stories he was to tell in after years with such marvelous fidelity of detail and with such magical atmospheric effects. The young men of his position in that day were flocking to the German universities, and in Berlin Tourguéneff drank deep at the fountains which Kant and Hegel had opened. When, later, he exchanged this atmosphere of free ideas for the suffocating air of Russia, where, as he said, "everything sleeps but the wine-shop," he was overtaken by the intellectual and moral homesickness which he described in "Liza." To escape from this melancholy he went to Paris, which became, later, the city of his long exile. His heart was in Russia, but it was impossible to do his work there; and the series of stories which came from his hand were touched with the sadness of expatriation. In the "Memoirs of a Sportsman," "Fathers and Sons," "Virgin Soil," "Spring Floods," "On the Eve," he spoke for Russia with an insight, a restrained emotion, an artistic power, which put him in the front rank of modern novelists. In "Demetrius Rudine" he made a study of the impotence of the Slavonic temperament, dreaming of great deeds, but powerless to achieve them. In "Liza," sometimes entitled "A Nest of Nobles," he wrote of love with exquisite purity and pathos; in "A Lear of the Steppes" he retold the old tragedy of ingratitude in terms of Russian life with such feeling that it conveys a sense of elemental forces beating down the individual will. The few

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words at the end—"The story-teller ceased, and we talked a little longer, and then parted, each to his own home"—recall Shakespeare's incomparable touch on the ultimate mystery: "The rest is silence."

Intensely sensitive, Tourguéneff drew portraits of women with unsurpassed delicacy of insight; he knew all the contradictions of the Slavonic temper; and it was perhaps his recognition of the chasm between the ideals of awakening Russia and her impotence to achieve them which made it impossible for him to draw a man of decision and victorious energy. An acute observer of actual conditions, the landscape of his novels is often bathed in an idyllic atmosphere, and he has wonderful power in conveying the feeling of nature. In description he was a past-master; never massing words, but always conveying the facts of scenery with magical suggestiveness. The brooding sadness of the steppes, the melancholy of autumn in fading gardens, the intangible pathos of lovely landscapes half sleeping in the moonlight—of these aspects of nature he is a painter of exquisite delicacy and tenderness.

He was half poet, and his women have a radiancy, an individual charm, which are not within the power of any save those who understand what is essentially as contrasted with what is transiently feminine. The problems he deals with are created by character, not by conditions; and when, as in "Smoke"—that masterpiece of character-drawing—he describes a sorceress, she is no cheap coquette, but the servant of a fundamental impulse. He was also half realist, and was compelled to see the impotence of Russian liberalism while the iron of the tragedy entered his heart. He was too great an artist to be a partisan, and while he prepared the way for the movement of to-day, his incorruptible truth-telling alienated the men with whom his sympathies allied him.

Tourguéneff's temperament is an immense element in his work; from it flows its wonderful lifelikeness, its brooding atmosphere, its delicacy, its sensibility, its unfailing distinction. From it came also his limitations: his inability to escape from Russian conditions, to invigorate the will and make it the executive of the dream; to portray men who can not only sacrifice but act. Tourguéneff is the master painter of the passive mood, which suffers through what it feels rather than what it does, which puts its hand supinely into the hands of fate. To say this, however, is to explain his clairvoyance in reading the hearts of his countrymen, his penetrating insight into their secret thoughts. He paid the price of the fascinating Slavonic temper in being an artist of the highest distinction rather than of the highest power, a van Dyke rather than a Rembrandt. H. W. M.

I.

READER, do you know those little homesteads of country gentlefolks, which were plentiful in our Great Russian Oukraïne twenty-five or thirty years ago? Now one rarely comes across them, and in another ten years the last of them will, I suppose, have disappeared forever. The running pond overgrown with reeds and rushes, the favorite haunt of fussy ducks, among whom one may now and then come across a wary "teal;" beyond the pond a garden with avenues of lime-trees, the chief beauty and glory of our black-earth plains, with smothered rows of "Spanish" strawberries, with dense thickets of gooseberries, currants, and raspberries, in the midst of which, in the languid hour of the stagnant noonday heat, one would be sure to catch glimpses of a serf-girl's striped kerchief, and to hear the shrill ring of her voice. Close by would be a summer-house standing on

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four legs, a conservatory, a neglected kitchen-garden, with flocks of sparrows hung on stakes, and a cat curled up on the tumble-down well; a little further, leafy apple-trees in the high grass, which is green below and gray above, straggling cherry-trees, pear-trees on which there is never any fruit; then flower-beds, poppies, peonies, pansies, milkwort, "maids in green," bushes of Tartar honeysuckle, wild jasmine, lilac, and acacia, with the continual hum of bees and wasps among their thick, fragrant, sticky branches. At last comes the manor-house, a one-storied building on a brick foundation, with greenish window panes in narrow frames, a sloping, once painted roof, a little balcony from which the vases of the balustrade are always jutting out, a crooked gable, and a husky old dog in the recess under the steps at the door. Behind the house a wide yard with nettles, wormwood, and burdocks in the corners, outbuildings with doors that stick, doves and rooks on the thatched roofs, a little storehouse with a rusty weathercock, two or three birch-trees with rooks' nests in their bare top branches, and beyond—the road with cushions of soft dust in the ruts and a field and the long hurdles of the hemp patches, and the gray little huts of the village, and the cackle of geese in the far-away rich meadows. . . . Is all this familiar to you, reader? In the house itself everything is a little awry, a little rickety—but no matter. It stands firm and keeps warm; the stoves are like elephants, the furniture is of all sorts, home-made. Little paths of white foot-marks run from the doors over the painted floors. In the hall siskins and larks in tiny cages; in the corner of the dining-room an immense English clock in the form of a tower, with the inscription, "Strike—silent;" in the drawing-room portraits of the family, painted in oils, with an expression of ill-tempered alarm on the brick-colored faces, and sometimes, too, an old warped picture of flowers and fruit, or a mythological subject. Everywhere there is the smell of kvas, of apples, of linseed oil, and of leather. Flies buzz and hum about the ceiling and the windows. A daring cock-roach suddenly shows his countenance from behind the looking-glass frame. . . . No matter, one can live here—and live very well too.

II.

Just such a homestead it was my lot to visit thirty years ago . . . it was in days long past, as you perceive. The little estate in which this house stood belonged to a friend of mine at the university; it had only recently come to him on the death of a bachelor cousin, and he was not living in it himself. . . . But at no great distance from it there were wide tracts of steppe bog, in which at the time of summer migration, when they are on the wing, there are great numbers of snipe; my friend and I, both enthusiastic sportsmen, agreed therefore to go on St. Peter's Day, he from Moscow, I from my own village, to his little house. My friend lingered in Moscow, and was two days late; I did not care to start shooting without him. I was received by an old servant, Narkiz Semyonov, who had had notice of my coming. This old servant was not in the least like "Savelitch," or "Caleb;" my friend used to call him in joke "Marquis." There was something of conceit, even of affectation, about him; he looked down on us young men with a certain dignity, but cherished no particularly respectful sentiments for other landowners either; of his old master he spoke slightingly, while his own class he simply scorned for their ignorance. He could read and write, expressed himself correctly and with judgment, and did not drink. He seldom went to church, and so was looked upon as a dissenter. In appearance he was thin and tall, had a long and good-looking face, a sharp nose, and overhanging eyebrows, which he was continually either knitting or lifting; he wore a neat, roomy coat, and boots to his knees with heart-shaped scallops at the tops.

III.

On the day of my arrival, Narkiz, having given me lunch and cleared the table, stood in the doorway, looked intently at me, and with some play of the eyebrows observed:

"What are you going to do now, sir?"

"Well, really, I don't know. If Nikolai

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Petrovitch had kept his word and come, we should have gone shooting together."

"So you really expected, sir, that he would come at the time he promised?"

"Of course I did."

"H'm." Narkiz looked at me again and shook his head as it were with commiseration. "If you'd care to amuse yourself with reading," he continued, "there are some books left of my old master's; I'll get them for you, if you like; only you won't read them, I expect."

"Why?"

"They're books of no value; not written for the gentlemen of these days."

"Have you read them?"

"If I hadn't read them, I wouldn't have spoken about them. A dream-book, for instance, . . . that's not much of a book, is it? There are others, too, of course . . . only you won't read them either."

"Why?"

"They are religious books."

I was silent for a space. . . . Narkiz was silent too.

"What vexes me most," I began, "is staying in the house in such weather."

"Take a walk in the garden; or go into the copse. We've a copse here beyond the threshing-floor. Are you fond of fishing?"

"Are there fish here?"

"Yes, in the pond. Loaches, sand-eels, and perches are caught there. Now, to be sure, the best time is over; July's here. But anyway, you might try. . . . Shall I get the tackle ready?"

"Yes, do, please."

"I'll send a boy with you . . . to put on the worms. Or maybe I'd better come myself?" Narkiz obviously doubted whether I knew how to set about things properly by myself.

"Come, please, come along."

Narkiz, without a word, grinned from ear to ear, then suddenly knitted his brows . . . and went out of the room.

IV.

Half an hour later we set off to catch fish. Narkiz had put on an extraordinary sort of cap with ears, and was more dignified than ever. He walked in front with a steady, even step; two rods swayed regularly up and down on his shoulders; a bare-legged boy followed him carrying a can and a pot of worms.

"Here, near the dike, there's a seat, put up on the floating platform on purpose," Narkiz was beginning to explain to me, but he glanced ahead, and suddenly exclaimed: "Aha! but our poor folk are here already . . . they keep it up, it seems."

I craned my head to look from behind him, and saw on the floating platform, on the very seat of which he had been speaking, two persons sitting with their backs to us; they were placidly fishing.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Neighbors," Narkiz responded, with displeasure. "They've nothing to eat at home, and so here they come to us."

"Are they allowed to?"

"The old master allowed them. . . . Nikolai Petrovitch maybe won't give them permission. . . . The long one is a superannuated deacon—quite a silly creature; and as for the other, that's a little stouter, he's a brigadier."

"A brigadier?" I repeated, wondering. This "brigadier's" attire was almost worse than the deacon's.

"I assure you he's a brigadier. And he did have a fine property once. But now he has only a corner given him out of charity, and he lives . . . on what God sends him. But, by the way, what are we to do? They've taken the best place. . . . We shall have to disturb our precious visitors."

"No, Narkiz, please don't disturb them. We'll sit here a little aside; they won't interfere with us. I should like to make acquaintance with the brigadier."

"As you like. Only, as far as acquaintance goes . . . you needn't expect much satisfaction from it, sir; he's grown very weak in his head, and in conversation he's silly as a little child. As well he may be; he's past his eightieth year."

"What's his name?"

"Vassily Fomitch. Guskov's his surname."

"And the deacon?"

"The deacon? . . . his nickname's Cucumber. Every one about here calls him so; but what his real name is—God knows! A foolish creature! A regular ne'er-do-weel."

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"Do they live together?"

"No; but there—the devil has tied them together, it seems."

V.

We approached the platform. The brigadier cast one glance upon us, . . . and promptly fixed his eyes on the float; Cucumber jumped up, pulled back his rod, took off his worn-out clerical hat, passed a trembling hand over his rough yellow hair, made a sweeping bow, and gave vent to a feeble little laugh. His bloated face betrayed him an inveterate drunkard; his staring little eyes blinked humbly. He gave his neighbor a poke in the ribs, as though to let him know that they must clear out. The brigadier began to move on the seat.

"Sit still, I beg; don't disturb yourselves," I hastened to say. "You won't interfere with us in the least. We'll take up our position here; sit still."

Cucumber wrapped his ragged smock round him, twitched his shoulders, his lips, his beard. . . . Obviously he felt our presence oppressive, and he would have been glad to slink away, . . . but the brigadier was again lost in the contemplation of his float. . . . The "ne'er-do-weel" coughed twice, sat down on the very edge of the seat, put his hat on his knees, and, tucking his bare legs up under him, he discreetly dropped in his line.

"Any bites?" Narkiz inquired haughtily, as in leisurely fashion he unwound his reel.

"We've caught a matter of five loaches," answered Cucumber in a cracked and husky voice; "and he took a good-sized perch."

"Yes, a perch," repeated the brigadier, in a shrill pipe.

VI.

I fell to watching closely—not him, but his reflection in the pond. It was as clearly reflected as in a looking-glass—a little darker, a little more silvery. The wide stretch of pond wafted a refreshing coolness upon us; a cool breath of air seemed to rise, too, from the steep, damp bank; and it was the sweeter, as in the dark blue, flooded with gold, above the tree-tops, the stagnant, sultry heat hung, a burden that could be felt, over our heads. There was no stir in the water near the dike; in the shade cast by the drooping bushes on the bank, water spiders gleamed, like tiny bright buttons, as they described their everlasting circles; at long intervals there was a faint ripple just perceptible round the floats, when a fish was "playing" with the worm. Very few fish were taken; during a whole hour we drew up only two loaches and an eel. I could not say why the brigadier aroused my curiosity; his rank could not have any influence on me; ruined noblemen were not even at that time looked upon as a rarity, and his appearance presented nothing remarkable. Under the warm cap, which covered the whole upper part of his head down to his ears and his eyebrows, could be seen a smooth, red, clean-shaven, round face, with a little nose, little lips, and small, clear gray eyes. Simplicity and weakness of character and a sort of long-standing, helpless sorrow were visible in that meek, almost childish face; the plump, white little hands with short fingers had something helpless, incapable about them too. . . . I could not conceive how this forlorn old man could once have been an officer, could have maintained discipline, have given his commands—and that, too, in the stern days of Catherine! I watched him; now and then he puffed out his cheeks and uttered a feeble whistle, like a little child; sometimes he screwed up his eyes painfully, with effort, as all decrepit people will. Once he opened his eyes wide and lifted them. . . . They stared at me from out of the depths of the water—and strangely touching and even full of meaning their dejected glance seemed to me.

VII.

I tried to begin a conversation with the brigadier . . . but Narkiz had not misinformed me; the poor old man certainly had become weak in his intellect. He asked me my surname, and after repeating his inquiry twice, pondered and pondered, and at last brought out; "Yes, I fancy there was a judge of that name here. Cucumber, wasn't there a judge about here of that name, hey?"

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"To be sure there was, Vassily Fomitch, your honor," responded Cucumber, who treated him altogether as a child. "There was, certainly. But let me have your hook; your worm must have been eaten off. . . . Yes, so it is."

"Did you know the Lomov family?" the brigadier suddenly asked me in a cracked voice.

"What Lomov family is that?"

"Why, Fiodor Ivanitch, Yevstigney Ivanitch, Alexey Ivanitch the Jew, and Fedulia Ivanovna the plunderer, . . . and then, too . . ."

The brigadier suddenly broke off and looked down confused.

"They were the people he was most intimate with," Narkiz whispered, bending towards me; "it was through them, through that same Alexey Ivanitch, that he called a Jew, and through a sister of Alexey Ivanitch's, Agrafena Ivanovna, as you may say, that he lost all his property."

"What are you saying there about Agrafena Ivanovna?" the brigadier called out suddenly, and his head was raised, his white eyebrows were frowning. . . . "You'd better mind! And why Agrafena, pray? Agrippina Ivanovna—that's what you should call her."

"There—there—there, sir," Cucumber was beginning to falter.

"Don't you know the verses the poet Milonov wrote about her?" the old man went on, suddenly getting into a state of excitement, which was a complete surprise to me. "No hymeneal lights were kindled," he began chanting, pronouncing all the vowels through his nose, giving the syllables "an," "en," the nasal sound they have in French; and it was strange to hear this connected speech from his lips: "No torches . . . No, that's not it:

"'Not vain Corruption's idols frail,
Not amaranth nor porphyry
Rejoiced their hearts . . .
One thing in them . . .'

"That was about us. Do you hear?

"'One thing in them unquenchable,
Subduing, sweet, desirable,
To nurse their mutual flame in love!'

And you talk about Agrafena!"

Narkiz chuckled half-contemptuously, half-indifferently. "What a queer fish it is!" he said to himself. But the brigadier had again relapsed into dejection, the rod had dropped from his hands and slipped into the water.

VIII.

"Well, to my thinking, our fishing is a poor business," observed Cucumber; "the fish, see, don't bite at all. It's got fearfully hot, and there's a fit of 'mencholy' come over our gentleman. It's clear we must be going home; that will be best." He cautiously drew out of his pocket a tin bottle with a wooden stopper, uncorked it, scattered snuff on his wrist, and sniffed it up in both nostrils at once. . . . "Ah, what good snuff!" he moaned, as he recovered himself. "It almost made my tooth ache! Now, my dear Vassily Fomitch, get up—it's time to be off!"

The brigadier got up from the bench.

"Do you live far from here?" I asked Cucumber.

"No, our gentleman lives not far . . . it won't be as much as a mile."

"Will you allow me to accompany you?" I said, addressing the brigadier. I felt disinclined to let him go.

He looked at me, and with that peculiar, stately, courteous, and rather affected smile which—I don't know how it is with others—to me always suggests powder, French full-skirted coats with paste buttons—the eighteenth century, in fact—he replied, with the old-fashioned drawl, that he would be "high-ly de-lighted" . . . and at once sank back into his former condition again. The grand gentleman of the old Catherine days flickered up in him for an instant and vanished.

Narkiz was surprised at my intention; but I paid no attention to the disapproving shake of his long-eared cap, and walked out of the garden with the brigadier, who was supported by Cucumber. The old man moved fairly quickly, with a motion as though he were on stilts.

IX.

We walked along a scarcely trodden path, through a grassy glade between two birch copses. The sun was blazing; the orioles called to each other in the

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green thicket; corn-crakes chattered close to the path; blue butterflies fluttered in crowds about the white and red flowers of the low-growing clover; in the perfectly still grass bees hung, as though asleep, languidly buzzing. Cucumber seemed to pull himself together, and brightened up; he was afraid of Narkiz—he lived always under his eye; I was a stranger—a newcomer—with me he was soon quite at home.

"Here's our gentleman," he said in a rapid flow; "he's a small eater, and no mistake! but only one perch, is that enough for him? Unless, your honor, you would like to contribute something? Close here round the corner, at the little inn, there are first-rate white wheaten rolls. And, if so please your honor, this poor sinner, too, will gladly drink on this occasion to your health, and may it be of long years and long days." I gave him a little silver, and was only just in time to pull away my hand, which he was falling upon to kiss. He learned that I was a sportsman, and fell to talking of a very good friend of his, an officer, who had a "Mindindenger" Swedish gun, with a copper stock, just like a cannon, so that when you fire it off you are almost knocked senseless—it had been left behind by the French—and a dog—simply one of Nature's marvels! that he himself had always had a great passion for the chase, and his priest would have made no trouble about it—he used, in fact, to catch quails with him—but the ecclesiastical superior had pursued him with endless persecution; "and as for Narkiz Semyonitch," he observed in a sing-song tone, "if, according to his notions, I'm not a trustworthy person—well, what I say is: he's let his eyebrows grow till he's like a woodcock, and he fancies all the sciences are known to him." By this time we had reached the inn, a solitary, tumble-down, one-roomed little hut, without back yard or outbuildings; an emaciated dog lay curled up under the window; a hen was scratching in the dust under his very nose. Cucumber sat the brigadier down on the bank, and darted instantly into the hut. While he was buying the rolls and emptying a glass, I never took my eyes off the brigadier, who, God knows why, struck me as something of an enigma. In the life of this man—so I mused—there must certainly have been something out of the ordinary. But he, it seemed, did not notice me at all. He was sitting huddled up on the bank, and twisting in his fingers some pinks which he had gathered in my friend's garden. Cucumber made his appearance, at last, with a bundle of rolls in his hand; he made his appearance, all red and perspiring, with an expression of gleeful surprise on his face, as though he had just seen something exceedingly agreeable and unexpected. He at once offered the brigadier a roll to eat, and the latter at once ate it. We proceeded on our way.

X.

On the strength of the spirits he had drunk, Cucumber quite "unbent," as it is called. He began trying to cheer up the brigadier, who was still hurrying forward with a tottering motion as though he were on stilts. "Why are you so downcast, sir, and hanging your head? Let me sing you a song. That'll cheer you up in a minute." He turned to me: "Our gentleman is very fond of a joke, mercy on us, yes! Yesterday, what did I see?—a peasant-woman washing a pair of breeches on the platform—and a great fat woman she was—and he stood behind her, simply all of a shake with laughter—yes, indeed! . . . In a minute, allow me: do you know the song of the hare? You mustn't judge me by my looks; there's a gypsy woman living here in the town, a perfect fright, but sings—'pon my soul! one's ready to lie down and die." He opened wide his moist red lips and began singing, his head on one side, his eyes shut, and his beard quivering:

"The hare beneath the bush lies still,
The hunters vainly scour the hill;
The hare lies hid and holds his breath,
His ears pricked up, he lies there still,
Waiting for death.
O hunters! what harm have I done,
To vex or injure you? Although
Among the cabbages I run,
One leaf I nibble—only one,
And that's not yours!
Oh, no!"

Cucumber went on with ever-increasing energy:

"Into the forest dark he fled,
His tail he let the hunters see;

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'Excuse me, gentlemen,' says he,
'That so I turn my back on you—
I am not yours!'"

Cucumber was not singing now . . . he was bellowing:

"The hunters hunted day and night,
And still the hare was out of sight.
So, talking over his misdeeds,
They ended by disputing quite—
Alas, the hare is not for us!
The squint-eye is too sharp for us!"

The first two lines of each stanza Cucumber sang with each syllable drawn out; the other three, on the contrary, very briskly, and accompanied them with little hops and shuffles of his feet; at the conclusion of each verse he cut a caper, in which he kicked himself with his own heels. As he shouted at the top of his voice, "The squint-eye is too sharp for us!" he turned a somersault. . . . His expectations were fulfilled. The brigadier suddenly went off into a thin, tearful little chuckle, and laughed so heartily that he could not go on, and stayed still in a half-sitting posture, helplessly slapping his knees with his hands. I looked at his face, flushed crimson, and convulsively working, and felt very sorry for him, at that instant especially. Encouraged by his success, Cucumber fell to capering about in a squatting position, singing the refrain of: "Shildi-budildi!" and "Natchiki-tchikaldi!" He stumbled at last with his nose in the dust. . . . The brigadier suddenly ceased laughing, and hobbled on.

XI.

We went on another quarter of a mile. A little village came into sight on the edge of a not very deep ravine; on one side stood the "lodge," with a half-ruined roof and a solitary chimney; in one of the two rooms of this lodge lived the brigadier. The owner of the village, who always resided in Petersburg, the widow of the civil councilor Lomov, had—so I learned later—bestowed this little nook upon the brigadier. She had given orders that he should receive a monthly pension, and had also assigned for his service a half-witted serf-girl living in the same village, who, though she barely understood human speech, was yet capable, in the lady's opinion, of sweeping a floor and cooking cabbage-soup. At the door of the lodge the brigadier again addressed me with the same eighteenth-century smile: would I be pleased to walk into his "apartment"? We went into this "apartment." Everything in it was exceedingly filthy and poor—so filthy and so poor that the brigadier, noticing, probably, by the expression of my face, the impression it made on me, observed, shrugging his shoulders, and half closing his eyelids: "Ce n'est pas . . . œil de perdrix." . . . What precisely he meant by this remained a mystery to me. . . . When I addressed him in French, I got no reply from him in that language. Two objects struck me especially in the brigadier's abode: a large officer's cross of St. George in a black frame, under glass, with an inscription in an old-fashioned handwriting: "Received by the Colonel of the Tchernigov regiment, Vassily Guskov, for the storming of Prague in the year 1794;" and, secondly, a half-length portrait in oils of a handsome, black-eyed woman with a long, dark face, hair turned up high and powdered, with postiches on the temple and chin, in a flowered, low-cut bodice, with blue frills, the style of 1780. The portrait was badly painted, but was probably a good likeness; there was a wonderful look of life and will, something extraordinarily living and resolute, about the face. It was not looking at the spectator; it was, as it were, turning away and not smiling; the curve of the thin nose, the regular but flat lips, the almost unbroken straight line of the thick eyebrows, all showed an imperious, haughty, fiery temper. No great effort was needed to picture that face glowing with passion or with rage. Just below the portrait on a little pedestal stood a half-withered bunch of simple wild flowers in a thick glass jar. The brigadier went up to the pedestal, stuck the pinks he was carrying into the jar, and, turning to me and lifting his hand in the direction of the portrait, he observed: "Agrippina Ivanovna Teliegin, by birth Lomov." The words of Narkiz came back to my mind; and I looked with redoubled interest at the expressive and evil face of the woman for whose sake the brigadier had lost all his fortune.

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"You took part, I see, sir, in the storming of Prague," I began, pointing to the St. George cross, "and won a sign of distinction rare at any time, but particularly so then; you must remember Suvorov?"

"Alexander Vassilitch?" the brigadier answered, after a brief silence, in which he seemed to be pulling his thoughts together; "to be sure, I remember him; he was a little, brisk old man. Before one could stir a finger, he'd be here and there and everywhere" (the brigadier chuckled). "He rode into Warsaw on a Cossack horse; he was all in diamonds, and he says to the Poles: 'I've no watch, I forgot it in Petersburg—no watch!' and they shouted and huzzaed for him. Queer chaps. Hey! Cucumber! lad!" he added suddenly, changing and raising his voice—the deacon-buffoon had remained standing at the door—"where's the rolls, eh? And tell Grunka . . . to bring some kvas!"

"Directly, your honor," I heard Cucumber's voice reply. He handed the brigadier the bundle of rolls, and, going out of the lodge, approached a dishevelled creature in rags—the half-witted girl, Grunka, I suppose—and, as far as I could make out through the dusty little window, proceeded to demand kvas from her; at least he several times raised one hand like a funnel to his mouth, and waved the other in our direction.

XII.

I made another attempt to get into conversation with the brigadier, but he was evidently tired; he sank, sighing and groaning, on the little couch, and, moaning, "Oy, oy, my poor bones, my poor bones!" untied his garters. I remember I wondered at the time how a man came to be wearing garters. I did not realize that in former days every one wore them. The brigadier began yawning with prolonged, unconcealed yawns, not taking his drowsy eyes off me all the time; so very little children yawn. The poor old man did not even seem quite to understand my question. . . . And he had taken Prague! He, sword in hand, in the smoke and the dust—at the head of Suvorov's soldiers, the bullet-pierced flag waving above him, the hideous corpses under his feet. . . . He . . . he! Wasn't it wonderful! But yet I could not help fancying that there had been events more extraordinary in the brigadier's life. Cucumber brought white kvas in an iron jug; the brigadier drank greedily—his hands shook. Cucumber supported the bottom of the jug. The old man carefully wiped his toothless mouth with both hands—and, again staring at me, fell to chewing and munching his lips. I saw how it was, bowed, and went out of the room.

"Now he'll have a nap," observed Cucumber, coming out behind me. "He's terribly knocked up to-day—he went to the grave early this morning."

"To whose grave?"

"To Agrafena Ivanovna's, to pay his devotions. . . . She is buried in our parish cemetery here; it'll be four miles from here. Vassily Fomitch visits it every week without fail. Indeed, it was he who buried her and put the fence up at his own expense."

"Has she been dead long?"

"Well, let's think—twenty years about."

"Was she a friend of his, or what?"

"Her whole life, you may say, she passed with him. . . . really. I, myself, I must own, never knew the lady, but they do say . . . what there was between them . . . well, well, well! Sir," the deacon added hurriedly, seeing I had turned away, "wouldn't you like to give me something for another drop, for it's time I was home in my hut and rolled up in my blanket?"

I thought it useless to question Cucumber further, so gave him a few coppers, and set off homewards.

XIII.

At home I betook myself, for further information, to Narkiz. He, as I might have anticipated, was somewhat unapproachable, stood a little on his dignity, expressed his surprise that such paltry matters could "interest" me, and finally told me what he knew. I heard the following details.

Vassily Fomitch Guskov had become acquainted with Agrafena Ivanovna Teliegin at Moscow soon after the suppression of the Polish insurrection; her

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husband had had a post under the governor-general, and Vassily Fomitch was on furlough. He fell in love with her there and then, but did not leave the army at once; he was a man of forty with no family, with a fortune. Her husband soon after died. She was left without children, poor, and in debt. . . . Vassily Fomitch heard of her position, threw up the service (he received the rank of brigadier on his retirement), and sought out his charming widow, who was not more than five-and-twenty, paid all her debts, redeemed her estate. . . . From that time he had never parted from her, and finished by living altogether in her house. She, too, seems to have cared for him, but would not marry him. "She was froward, the deceased lady," was Narkiz's comment on this. "My liberty," she would say, "is dearer to me than anything." But as for making use of him—she made use of him "in every possible way," and whatever money he had he dragged to her like an ant. But the frowardness of Agrafena Ivanovna at times assumed extreme proportions; she was not of a mild temper, and somewhat too ready with her hands. . . . Once she pushed her page-boy down the stairs, and "he went and broke two of his ribs and one leg." . . . Agrafena Ivanovna was frightened . . . she promptly ordered the page to be shut up in the lumber-room, and she did not leave the house nor give up the key of the room to anyone, till the moans within had ceased. . . . The page was secretly buried. . . . "And had it been in the Empress Catherine's time," Narkiz added in a whisper, bending down, "maybe the affair would have ended there—many such deeds were hidden under a bushel in those days, but as . . ."—here Narkiz drew himself up and raised his voice—"as our righteous Tsar Alexander the Blessed was reigning then . . . well, a fuss was made. . . . A trial followed, the body was dug up . . . signs of violence were found on it . . . and a great to-do there was. And what do you think? Vassily Fomitch took it all on himself. 'I,' said he, 'am responsible for it all; it was I pushed him down, and I too shut him up.' Well, of course, all the judges then, and the lawyers and the police . . . fell on him directly . . . fell on him and never let him go . . . I can assure you . . . till the last farthing was out of his purse. They'd leave him in peace for a while, and then attack him again. Down to the very time when the French came into Russia they were worrying at him, and only dropped him then. Well, he managed to provide for Agrafena Ivanovna—to be sure he saved her—that one must say. Well, and afterwards, up to her death, indeed, he lived with her, and they do say she led him a pretty dance—the brigadier, that is; sent him on foot from Moscow into the country—by God, she did—to get her rents in, I suppose. It was on her account, on account of this same Agrafena Ivanovna—he fought a duel with the English milord Hugh Hughes; and the English milord was forced to make a formal apology too. But later on the brigadier went down hill more and more. . . . Well, and now he can't be reckoned a man at all."

"Who was that Alexey Ivanitch the Jew," I asked, "through whom he was brought to ruin?"

"Oh, the brother of Agrafena Ivanovna. A grasping creature, Jewish indeed. He lent his sister money at interest, and Vassily Fomitch was her security. He had to pay for it too . . . pretty heavily!"

"And Fedulia Ivanovna the plunderer—who was she?"

"Her sister too . . . and a sharp one too, as sharp as a lance. A terrible woman!"

XIV.

"What a place to find a Werter!" I thought next day, as I set off again towards the brigadier's dwelling. I was at that time very young, and that was possibly why I thought it my duty not to believe in the lasting nature of love. Still, I was impressed and somewhat puzzled by the story I had heard, and felt an intense desire to stir up the old man, to make him talk freely. "I'll first refer to Suvorov again," so I resolved within myself; "there must be some spark of his former fire hidden within him still . . . and then, when he's warmed up, I'll turn the conversation on that . . . what's her name? . . . Agra-

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fena Ivanovna. A queer name for a 'Charlotte'—Agrafena!"

I found my Werter-Guskov in the middle of a tiny kitchen-garden, a few steps from the lodge, near the old framework of a never-finished hut, overgrown with nettles. On the mildewed upper beams of this skeleton hut some miserable-looking turkey poults were scrambling, incessantly slipping and flapping their wings and cackling. There was some poor sort of green stuff growing in two or three borders. The brigadier had just pulled a young carrot out of the ground, and, rubbing it under his arm "to clean it," proceeded to chew its thin tail . . . I bowed to him and inquired after his health.

He obviously did not recognize me, though he returned my greeting—that is to say, touched his cap with his hand, though without leaving off munching the carrot.

"You didn't go fishing to-day?" I began, in the hope of recalling myself to his memory by this question.

"To-day?" he repeated and pondered . . . while the carrot, stuck into his mouth, grew shorter and shorter. "Why, I suppose it's Cucumber fishing! . . . But I'm allowed to, too."

"Of course, of course, most honored Vassily Fomitch. . . . I didn't mean that. . . . But aren't you hot . . . like this in the sun?"

The brigadier was wearing a thick, wadded dressing gown.

"Eh? Hot?" he repeated again, as though puzzled over the question, and, having finally swallowed the carrot, he gazed absently upwards.

"Would you care to step into my apartment?" he said, suddenly. The poor old man had, it seemed, only this phrase still left him always at his disposal.

We went out of the kitchen-garden . . . but there involuntarily I stopped short. Between us and the lodge stood a huge bull. With his head down to the ground, and a malignant gleam in his eyes, he was snorting heavily and furiously, and, with a rapid movement of one fore leg, he tossed the dust up in the air with his broad cleft hoof, lashed his sides with his tail, and, suddenly backing a little, shook his shaggy neck stubbornly, and bellowed—not loud, but plaintively, and at the same time menacingly. I was, I confess, alarmed; but Vassily Fomitch stepped forward with perfect composure, and, saying in a stern voice, "Now, then, country bumpkin!" shook his handkerchief at him. The bull backed again, bowed his horns . . . suddenly rushed to one side and ran away, wagging his head from side to side.

"There's no doubt he took Prague," I thought.

We went into the room. The brigadier pulled his cap off his hair, which was soaked with perspiration, ejaculated "Fa!" . . . squatted down on the edge of a chair . . . bowed his head gloomily. . . .

"I have come to you, Vassily Fomitch," I began my diplomatic approaches, "because, as you have served under the leadership of the great Suvorov—have taken part altogether in such important events—it would be very interesting for me to hear some particulars of your past."

The brigadier stared at me. . . . His face kindled strangely—I began to expect, if not a story, at least some word of approval, of sympathy. . . .

"But I, sir, must be going to die soon," he said in an undertone.

I was utterly nonplused.

"Why, Vassily Fomitch," I brought out at last, "what makes you . . . suppose that?"

The brigadier suddenly flung his arms violently up and down.

"Because, sir . . . I, as maybe you know . . . often in my dreams see Agrippina Ivanovna—Heaven's peace be with her!—and never can I catch her; I am always running after her—but cannot catch her. But last night—I dreamed—she was standing, as it were, before me, half turned away, and laughing. . . . I ran up to her at once and caught her . . . and she seemed to turn round quite and said to me: 'Well, Vassinka, now you have caught me.'"

"What do you conclude from that, Vassili Fomitch?"

"Why, sir, I conclude: it has come, that we shall be together. And glory to God for it, I tell you; glory be to God

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Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost" (the brigadier fell into a chant): "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, Amen!"

The brigadier began crossing himself. I could get nothing more out of him, so I went away.

XV.

The next day my friend arrived . . . I mentioned the brigadier, and my visits to him. . . . "Oh, yes! of course! I know his story," answered my friend; "I know Madame Lomov very well, the privy councilor's widow, by whose favor he obtained a home here. Oh, wait a minute; I believe there must be preserved here his letter to the privy councilor's widow; it was on the strength of that letter that she assigned him his little cot." My friend rummaged among his papers and actually found the brigadier's letter. Here it is, word for word, with the omission of the mistakes in spelling. The brigadier, like every one of his epoch, was a little hazy in that respect. But to preserve these errors seemed unnecessary; his letter bears the stamp of his age without them.

"HONORED MADAM, RAÏSSA PAVLOVNA!—On the decease of my friend, and your aunt, I had the happiness of addressing to you two letters, the first on the first of June, the second on the sixth of July, of the year 1815, while she expired on the sixth of May in that year; in them I discovered to you the feelings of my soul and of my heart, which were crushed under deadly wrongs, and they reflected in full my bitter despair, in truth deserving of commiseration; both letters were despatched by the imperial mail registered, and hence I cannot conceive that they have not been perused by your eye. By the genuine candor of my letters, I had counted upon winning your benevolent attention; but the compassionate feelings of your heart were far removed from me in my woe! Left on the loss of my one only friend, Agrippina Ivanovna, in the most distressed and poverty-stricken circumstances, I rested, by her instructions, all my hopes on your bounty; she, aware of her end approaching, said to me in these words, as it were, from the grave, and never can I forget them: 'My friend, I have been your serpent, and am guilty of all your unhappiness. I feel how much you have sacrificed for me, and in return I leave you in a disastrous and truly destitute situation; on my death have recourse to Raïssa Pavlovna'—that is, to you—'and implore her aid, invite her succor! She has a feeling heart, and I have confidence in her that she will not leave you forlorn.' Honored madam, let me call to witness the all-high Creator of the world that those were her words, and I am speaking with her tongue; and therefore, trusting firmly in your goodness, to you first of all I addressed myself with my open-hearted and candid letters; but, after protracted expectation, receiving no reply to them, I could not conceive otherwise than that your benevolent heart had left me without attention! Such your unfavorable disposition towards me, reduced me to the depths of despair—whither, and to whom, was I to turn in my misfortune I knew not; my soul was troubled, my intellect went astray; at last, for the completion of my ruin, it pleased Providence to chastise me in a still more cruel manner, and to turn my thoughts to your deceased aunt, Fedulia Ivanovna, sister of Agrippina Ivanovna, one in blood, but not one in heart! Having present to myself, before my mind's eye, that I had been for twenty years devoted to the whole family of your kindred, the Lomovs, especially to Fedulia Ivanovna, who never called Agrippina Ivanovna otherwise than 'my heart's precious treasure,' and me 'the most honored and zealous friend of our family;' picturing all the above, among abundant tears and sighs in the stillness of sorrowful night watches, I thought: 'Come, brigadier! so, it seems, it is to be!' and, addressing myself by letter to the said Fedulia Ivanovna, I received a positive assurance that she would share her last crumb with me! The presents sent on by me, more than five hundred rubles' worth in value, were accepted with supreme satisfaction; and afterwards the money, too, which I brought with me for my maintenance, Fedulia Ivanovna was pleased, on the pretext of guarding it, to take into her care, to the which, to gratify her, I

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offered no opposition. If you ask me whence, and on what ground, I conceived such confidence—to the above, madam, there is but one reply: she was sister of Agrippina Ivanovna, and a member of the Lomov family! But, alas and alas! all the money aforesaid I was very soon deprived of, and the hopes which I had rested on Fedulia Ivanovna—that she would share her last crumb with me—turned out to be empty and vain; on the contrary, the said Fedulia Ivanovna enriched herself with my property. To wit, on her saint's day, the fifth of February, I brought her fifty rubles' worth of green French material, at five rubles the yard; I myself received of all that was promised five rubles' worth of white piqué for a waistcoat and a muslin handkerchief for my neck, which gifts were purchased in my presence, as I was aware, with my own money—and that was all that I profited by Fedulia Ivanovna's bounty! So much for the last crumb! And I could further, in all sincerity, disclose the malignant doings of Fedulia Ivanovna to me; and also my expenses, exceeding all reason, as, among the rest, for sweetmeats and fruits, of which Fedulia Ivanovna was exceedingly fond;—but upon all this I am silent, that you may not take such disclosures against the dead in bad part; and also, seeing that God has called her before His judgment seat—and all that I suffered at her hands is blotted out from my heart—and I, as a Christian, forgave her long ago, and pray to God to forgive her!

"But, honored madam, Raïssa Pavlovna! Surely you will not blame me for that I was a true and loyal friend of your family, and that I loved Agrippina Ivanova with a love so great and so insurmountable that I sacrificed to her my life, my honor, and all my fortune! that I was utterly in her hands, and hence could not dispose of myself nor of my property, and she disposed at her will of me and also of my estate! It is known to you also that, owing to her action with her servant, I suffer, though innocent, a deadly wrong—this affair I brought after her death before the Senate, before the sixth department—it is still unsettled now—in consequence of which I was made accomplice with her, my estate put under guardianship, and I am still lying under a criminal charge! In my position, at my age, such disgrace is intolerable to me; and it is only left me to console my heart with the mournful reflection that thus, even after Agrippina Ivanovna's death, I suffer for her sake, and so prove my immutable love and loyal gratitude to her!

"In my letters, above mentioned, to you, I gave you an account with every detail of Agrippina Ivanovna's funeral, and what masses were read for her—my affection and love for her spared no outlay! For all the aforesaid, and for the forty days' requiems, and the reading of the psalter six weeks after for her (in addition to above, fifty rubles of mine were lost, which were given as security for payment for the stone, of which I sent you a description)—on all the aforesaid was spent of my money seven hundred and fifty rubles, in which is included, by way of donation to the church, a hundred and fifty rubles.

"In the goodness of your heart, hear the cry of a desperate man, crushed beneath a load of the cruelest calamities! Only your commiseration and humanity can restore the life of a ruined man! Though living—in the suffering of my heart and soul I am as one dead; dead when I think what I was, and what I am; I was a soldier and served my country in all fidelity and uprightness, as is the bounden duty of a loyal Russian and faithful subject, and was rewarded with the highest honors, and had a fortune befitting my birth and station; and now I must cringe and beg for a morsel of dry bread; dead above all I am when I think what a friend I have lost . . . and what is life to me after that? But there is no hastening one's end, and the earth will not open, but rather seems turned to stone! And so I call upon you, in the benevolence of your heart, hush the talk of the people, do not expose yourself to universal censure, that for all my unbounded devotion I have not where to lay my head; confound them by your bounty to me, turn the tongues of the evil speakers and slanderers to glorifying your good works—and I make bold in all humility to add, comfort in the

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grave your most precious aunt, Agrippina Ivanovna, who can never be forgotten, and who for your speedy succor, in answer to my sinful prayers, will spread her protecting wings about your head, and comfort in his declining days a lonely old man who had every reason to expect a different fate! . . . And, with the most profound respect, I have the honor to be, dear madam, your most devoted servant,

VASSILY GUSKOV,
Brigadier and Cavalier."

Several years later I paid another visit to my friend's little place. . . . Vassily Fomitch had long been dead; he died soon after I made his acquaintance. Cucumber was still flourishing. He conducted me to the tomb of Agrafena Ivanovna. An iron railing inclosed a large slab with a detailed and enthusiastically laudatory epitaph on the deceased woman; and there, beside it, as it were at her feet, could be seen a little mound with a slanting cross on it; the servant of God, the brigadier and cavalier, Vassily Guskov, lay under this mound. . . . His ashes found rest at last beside the ashes of the creature he had loved with such unbounded, almost undying, love.

THE SCHOOL IN THE ORCHARD

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX

Good Master Bumblebee holds school
Down in the orchard, by the pool,
Just after sunrise, while the dew
Tinges the grass with silvery hue.

The bluebells flutter and softly chime,
So that the pupils may know it's time
To troop to school, and they cluster round,
Rosy from dew-baths, at the sound.

Daisies and clovers and cowslips too,
Shy anemones, violets blue,
Buttercups bright and "jump-ups" droll;
And Jack in-the-Pulpit calls the roll!

They learn the ways of birds and bees,
To sway and dance in the summer breeze,
To grow up happy-hearted and mild,
Just as you should do, dear child.

To romp and play, and always be neat,
To love, and laugh, and happily greet
The sun or the rain, warm weather or cool;
To be contented. This is their school.

Good Master Bumblebee tells them tales
Of his travels in meadows, hills, and vales;
And he kisses them all, and loves them true.
Wouldn't he be a good teacher for you?

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